FOR THE TRUE SPORTSMAN

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 20. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING MARCH 20, 1909. ONE PENNY.

HARRY HALL

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M.M., Mar. 20, 1909.] Please write distinctly and say whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 20. WEEK ENDING MARCH 20TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

MEN AND A CHILD.

A LONDON STREET EPISODE.

The sliding of a horse's hoofs on the wood pavement, brought my attention from the shop windows to the roadway.

The driver of a hansom cab was reining in his horse, and it was not difficult to see why.

A taxicab had pulled up in the middle of the street, just in front of him.

It had been a pretty close thing, for, judging by the sudden and vigorous manner in which the cabby stopped his horse, both vehicles had been going at some pace.

I waited with some interest to hear the candid criticisms which would flow from his mouth to the tingling ears of the motor driver, but none came.

"Shove it back!" yelled the cabby. "Shove it back, somebody!"

A young man—just an average Londoner, averagely dressed, and with average physique—sprang from the pavement and seized the front of the taxicab.

He seemed to pitch the whole thing backwards a couple of yards or so. The front wheels came down with an audible bump.

A man does not exert himself in this way to help a taxicab driver under ordinary circumstances, and I pushed forward to see what was the matter.

A child was lying on the street just where the front wheels of the motor had been.

She was on her face, with her arms stretched out in front of her and perfectly still.

The flowers which she had been selling were scattered beside her.

Obviously the child was dead.

"Poor little thing!" said a man in front of me. "It was her own fault. She bolted right in front of the motor. The driver had no chance to pull up in time to save her. I'm sorry for him."

The driver of the taxicab was a young man, unused to such accidents, and he was sitting motionless, his fingers frozen to the wheel in horror.

His face was deadly white, and he stared as if fascinated at the body of the child.

In a moment a policeman came from where he had been watching on point duty.

He seized the child in his arms and ran with her towards Charing Cross Hospital, dodging the traffic skilfully, ducking under a horse's head and squeezing past a motor-'bus.

He was running when I lost sight of him, and the taxi driver, having now recovered his self-control, was following to learn the fate of the child.

It was a pathetic little episode, but it showed that we have men in London. There was the one who threw the cab backwards, probably straining himself in doing it; there was the policeman who bore the child away; and there was the driver of the taxicab.

His obvious sorrow for the child's fate proved him a man also.

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FREDERICK AULD.

CHEEK.

John Bull has now resumed business. By kind permission of the "Daily Mail."

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"King Edward," says the Rev. R. J. Campbell, "is a good servant of the State, and perhaps the first duty under Socialism would be to raise his salary." And to reduce Mr. Campbell's?

* * * * * * *

Their favourite vehicles:

Mr. Ll-yd G--rg- A taxi-cab.

Mr. H-ld-n- A ralli (round the flag)-car.

King A-f-n-o A victoria.

Mr. P-t- C-rr-n, M.P. (Not another) dro(p)-schky.

His Majesty's Government A go-cart.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Bird, of Northampton, has just inherited a fortune of £500,000. Quite a nice little bit of sugar for t'e bird.

* * * * * * *

According to Dr. Kendrew, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, "the microbe of tetanus is to be found on every workman's hand." We always did suspect the labour agitator's pose as a horny-handed son of toil, and now our suspicions are confirmed, for he never suffers from lockjaw.

* * * * * * *

Poor Mr. Winston Churchill, he has no luck! He cannot find a town house to suit him, and, if our memory serves us, it is not so long ago since he had some difficulty in finding a country "seat."

* * * * * * *

Miss Close is to be appointed teacher of the new class for drawing of fashion plates at the Camden School of Art. People who lisp will perceive how eminently appropriate the appointment is.

* * * * * * *

Professor Sir William Ramsay prophesies that our coal supply will be exhausted in 800 years. Careful householders are already economising on their coal bills.

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Mr. W. T. Stead says that Mr. Andrew Lang "always writes as if he knew everything." Mr. Lang might retort that Mr. Stead sometimes writes as if he did not know very much.

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Mr. Asquith's favourite book, we understand, is "The Letters That Never Reached Him."

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We are interested to learn from a contemporary that Miss Maud Allan weighs 9 stone 4lbs. 10z. This, we understand, is Miss Allan's absolute weight. In stage costume she weighs 9 stone 4lbs. 10z.

* * * * * * *

Another vast earthquake recorded itself towards the end of February. It may have been located by now, but at the time it was said to have been caused by the fainting of Mr. H. G. Pelissier, of "The Follies" fame, on learning that he mustn't pot "An Englishman's Home."

NORMAN FRASER.

READERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

OUR LATEST DEPARTURE.

Ever since the publication of the first number of this paper, letters have reached me requesting that I set apart some portion of my space for the announcements of those readers who desire to sell or buy something privately.

As you will see by the fuller notice on page 3 of the cover, I have now completed arrangements for doing this, and I trust that my readers will take full advantage of the opportunity there offered to them.

My readers and myself are all men of the same stamp, with similar interests and similar needs. Therefore, if one of us wants to buy or to sell something, there is no better place for his advertising that fact than in the pages of THE MODERN MAN, for those who read the announcement are just those whom you want to reach.

Every man has something which he does not want—books, clothes, physical culture or sporting appliances—and there is something which he does want and which the money obtained by the sale of these would enable him to buy.

Something may have ceased to be useful to you, but may yet be exactly what is required by somebody else, and it is through our pages that you will get in touch with him.

A shilling spent on such an advertisement means a handsome return to you.

Just look round your den and into your wardrobe, and send us an advertisement embracing the things you don't want and stating the prices you are prepared to accept for them.

One of our other readers will want them, and the money will be worth more to you than goods which have ceased to meet your particular needs.

Especially would I draw attention to the "Digs" section. I hope to establish a wide system of exchange visiting; the man in the country will be happy to receive the man from town, and the latter will enjoy a return visit when his country friend comes to see the sights of the city.

This section will, in fact, be a sort of bureau of friendship, and will supply the lonely chap in lodgings with just the sort of introductions he wants.

I have arranged for a special article on this subject next week.

Meantime do as I have suggested. The shillings or pounds which will come to you as a result of your advertisement ought to be welcome—at least money is welcome to most men.

I don't want you to send your advertisements to me personally at Westinghouse Building, but to my advertising offices at Thanet House, Strand, where they will be dealt with in the order received.

Once more let me refer you to the announcement on page 3 of this week's cover, for all details, and let me urge you to seize the opportunity promptly and justify me in the departure I have made with a view to your convenience.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE WILDFOWLER

A STUDY.

Where the land for miles beyond the horizon is as level as the waters that once flowed over it unchecked, the marshland wildfowler spends his solitary life year in year out, chained to this far expanding fenland by instincts that he cannot stifle.

He is the most solitary and silent of men. He lives alone in a tiny two-roomed cottage on the very verge of the lowlands, where the mists gather nightly in every season, making the levels a very death trap for all but the few who find at once their work and their pleasure upon them.

Day in day out he is silent, for scarce another living soul for miles around moves in his world; and as he watches for his prey he seems like some superhuman being fitted for a life that ordinary mortals shun.

His face, up to the edge of his blue and distance-piercing eyes, is smothered in a thick and healthy growth of beard; he stands, as it were, four square to all the fiercest winds that shrivel up the vegetation and leave him alone unharmed; the winds, too, that bring with them the duck and widgeon, gadwall, plover, teal and many others whose flight and call and plumage he can tell from surprising distances.

THE SPIRIT OF THE HUNTER.

Though he tends a skimpy garden plot at home, his heart is not in such husbandry. Only when the fenland expanse is brown and bleak from frost, when not a figure of man or beast is left upon the level to break the stillness or the silence—only then does he feel the real call of the blood.

For his is the hunter's spirit, the sportsman's too, for he must needs outwit the keenest eyes and ears of the most alert of feathered creatures before he can hope to make even a scanty living.

He never makes very much, but so long as he can live and hunt he is happy.

Their flights and feeding grounds he knows from years of watching, and though he will at times recall past days and tell a tactful stranger how he lost his father, a wildfowler before him, on one awful night of drift and blizzard, yet he never thinks of giving up his bleak and solitary existence to seek less hazardous and more regular occupation away in the fishing town on the coast where so many of his boyhood's friends have gone and prospered. For him the marshland spell—or nothing.

Wrapped in a whole series of coats, each apparently designed to protect a definite area of his huge frame, and with his dull grey sou'-wester hat drawn down upon his brow and sheltering his tremendous neck, he is ready for the most searching north-east spears of wind that hurl themselves over this unsheltered land from the wild wastes of northern waters and frozen forests.

HIS WEAPON.

Gathered comfortably, even lovingly, under one brawny arm is his fowling-piece, a sombre, long-barrelled weapon whose muzzle is a very crater of destruction, and whose weight is no light matter.

Knowing every pathway and plank-bridge in this desolate expanse, he walks slowly and steadily, as one having no deadly purpose—for he believes that a too business-like gait puts the loud-voiced mallards on their guard—down upon the levels.

Although he appears not to heed the natural surroundings, they nevertheless carry a message to him and make up not a little of the fascination of his life. The brown and broken stems of the reeds rub crisply together and keep up an incessant whisper which grows into a general chatter as a sterner gust sweeps down upon the dyke.

The stately procession of broken cloud, rising up from the far distant horizon, climbing to the zenith, and disappearing in the opposite distances give the surroundings an even bleaker tone, and he is glad to reach the reed bed where he awaits the flight of fowl. Here, with infinite ingenuity, he takes up an easy position, well concealed from flights until they come within the reach of his great gun.

Patiently he waits, watches, and listens. Through the cleverly arranged reed fringe he scans the far horizon, now easing this limb, now that, but never once exposing so much as the edge of his coat.

Away in the far distance he sees the approaching birds and makes a move to meet them effectively, his gun ready to be raised.

THE LONG WAIT REPAID.

Nearer and nearer they come, a note of confidence from one of the leaders floating on the wind in advance and sending his finger to the trigger.

A second later he hears the wheezy sound of their fast-beating wings, and the moment for action has arrived.

Standing squarely up, he raises his gun, waits one second while they bunch together at the sight of him, where all had been safe and solitary, and out roars the voice of his piece.

Down they come, some without a flutter, like stones upon the marshy ground, some still making a fight to escape.

He is out of his shelter in a moment, and within half-an-hour he has turned his back upon the marshes and is tramping homeward, laden with that which will bring him keep for himself and harder fare for his gun. SIDNEY MAYER.

THE KAISER'S LITTLE JOKE.

The Kaiser went out one night incognito, accompanied by only one member of his suite. The sense of freedom from Royal worries produced an exhilaration for which his Majesty sought an outlet.

Presently there came his opportunity. An enormously stout old gentleman was waddling along the street. Stealing up behind him, William raised his fist and aimed a blow at his hat. In Germany this passes for very keen wit.

But the old gentleman had encountered the same type of practical joker before, and inside his hat he had placed a long sharp spike, pointing upwards.

Does anybody know why the Kaiser returned to the palace that night with his handkerchief tied round his hand?

SAME OLD EVERYTHING.

Practically every invention is but an adaptation of something else. Not once in ten years is there patented anything that is really new.

Take the automatic machine, for example.

Some improvement in this line is registered nearly every week, yet there existed a century ago a machine which sold books automatically, and there is evidence to show that a similar machine was perfected in ancient Egypt.

It is the same all round. The Chinese knew the principle of the cantilever bridge ages before our engineers tumbled to it. The Romans could stop teeth with gold, and even fit a glass eye efficiently.

Tabloid foods, now boomed as a novelty, were well known to the American Indians in the form of pemmican, and were used in this country when George I. was king.

ETIQUETTE.

II. PRECEDENCE.

"Ladies first" is, of course, the old and excellent rule in regard to making way for others. You naturally invite a lady to precede you into or out of a room, and generally speaking you should on almost all occasions ask a lady to go first.

There are, however, exceptions. Where there is any element of risk or danger the gentleman, I need hardly say, takes the post of honour, and in less serious matters there are occasions when a well-bred man will take the lead from a fair companion.

For example, if you are walking with a lady and come to a stile, fence, or other obstacle that has to be surmounted, you should go first, partly to assist her in alighting on the other side, partly to save her from the embarrassment of your seeing more of her than is strictly delicate, as you might do if she led the way.

Similarly when climbing a ladder or any very steep place, the gentleman should go first.

You follow a lady into a carriage or other vehicle, and precede her out of it, so as to help her in getting into the conveyance, and also to assist her when alighting.

In walking with a lady you should always take the outside of the pavement, and if for any reason you find yourself on the inside, cross to your proper position behind and not in front of her.

In regard to precedence between men, the general rule is to give way to age, and a host almost invariably follows his guest.

When, however, you are showing a friend over your house or introducing him into strange surroundings, you should go first.

Certain professions confer certain rights of precedence. Thus a civilian should in ordinary circumstances give way to a naval or military officer, while it is customary to show special deference to the Church.

That, however, is a matter of legal precedence, a very complicated question, as local rank and other nice distinctions have to be considered, and here we are dealing only with the general question of giving the *pas* to another, which is really more a matter of innate good feeling and courtesy than of strict rule.

"After you" is a good rule to follow in small matters of courtesy, whether it be going into a room, lighting a cigarette from a friend's match, or helping a guest to anything; and between men, if you remember that youth should always show respect for seniority, you cannot go far wrong.

In many regiments there is a salutary rule to the effect that a subaltern with less than three months' service shall not stand on the hearthrug or sit in an arm-chair in the ante-room, and a young man best shows his breeding by giving way in every possible manner to his elders.

In making introductions you present the less to the greater, and thus a gentleman is always introduced *to* a lady, not a lady to him.

On entering a drawing-room you naturally shake hands with your hostess first, and again on leaving.

When it is a matter of doing something for one of two ladies, seeing one of them into a train, or performing some other small service, you should give the preference to the elder lady, while of course you give precedence in all matters to guests over members of your own family.

The strong should always make way for the weak; save when danger or unpleasantness of any kind is to be apprehended, woman precedes man, though he preceded her in this world; youth bows to age—these are general rules which will keep you right on most questions of precedence.

An over-insistence on details of precedence, however, may become an intolerable nuisance when everyone wishes to give way.

At a dinner-party, for instance, provided that the host and principal lady guest go first, and the hostess last, it is unnecessary for any more distinctions to be made.

E. H. HIME.

JAMES, THE INCORRIGIBLE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

I.

It has been my good fortune, during my association with racing men, to find at least one really honest and open-hearted trainer. To the best of my belief he is still avoiding the legal service of his creditors' writs by remaining on the Continent — having suddenly discovered that his forte is training steeplechasers in Belgium.

Personally, I do not believe that poor little Harry Sterry would ever have been "in the cart" were it not for the diminutive Mrs. Sterry's oversight in presenting him with a son. They called him James, and he was the gift of the devil himself.

The stable-hands foretold evil, when, in defiance of all the laws of breeding, the boy grew into a young man head and shoulders above his parents, so that in time the order of things was reversed, and James's old clothes were cut down for his father.

He was popularly credited with a deep ignorance of the science of racing, never rode anything but a superannuated hack—and that so rarely that the well-cut breeches and highly-polished leggings he wore were put down to pure ostentation.

While the string was out at exercise in the early morning air on the open Heath, James would be in bed, sleeping away the best hours of a man's life.

His acute unpopularity dated from the day when he brought off a double event by winning all the head lad's pocket money at snooker pool, and then knocked him right out in a "friendly" sparring match, in which the gloves were pulled off and it came to hard knuckles after the first round.

But for all his unpopularity with the stable lads he secretly despised, he was a comely youth to look upon, and a favourite with the fair sex.

Yet Harry Sterry, a trainer of the old school who was not above "doing" the regulation couple of horses, and affected no airs, secretly admired his handsome son, and being but a poor performer with a pen, made him generally useful in dealing with his correspondence.

It was the debonair James who, as his father's secretary, tore open the letter that arrived one early spring morning from Lord Clancarton, the noble but astute patron of the stable. It ran:

"I do not want to know anything about my Lincolnshire Handicap horses until two days before the race."

"P.S.—Neither does the British public."

"Clancarton."

* * * * * *

James showed me the letter in the Wellington one afternoon.

"That's how his lordship always manages to get thirty-three's about his little coups," he explained. "The blindly blunderin' special sportin' daily correspondent at the clubs writes—'There was no support forthcoming for either of Lord Clancarton's candidates,' and then the particularly ignorant scribbler who does the tips adds, 'The pen will probably be put through their names shortly.'

"But his Lordship doesn't scratch his horses—far from it. All the time they are doing great gallops, and two days before the big race Clancarton goes to the club, and backs the supposed worst at a long price, leavin' the dear old sportlovin' British public to take 'fiveses' to their money. Oh, he's 'cute, is Clancarton!"

For a man who affected to know nothing about racing, the foregoing struck me as displaying a remarkable insight into the inner mysteries of the Great Game.

II.

Of course, it was generally known that poor old Harry Sterry, best hearted of men, had not been having a rosy time with his own steeplechasers during the winter.

Therefore, when he told me that he had hopes of getting a nice price about Lord Clancarton's smart though "dark" filly, Première Danseuse, for the Lincolnshire Handicap, I was exceeding glad. Yet it all seemed strange, seeing that Première Danseuse had failed conspicuously in all her previous races. We must charitably take it that she was merely out for the benefit of her health on these occasions.

It was about this time that a change came over James.

Now the trainer's isolated house lay in the heart of the Heath country, two miles beyond Newmarket, and its nearest neighbour, Merriston Lodge, was a white fronted structure that rose up out of the gorse perhaps a mile distant as the crow flies.

I was out for a little morning exercise in the vicinity, when the sight of James bumping along on horseback ahead so much surprised me that I almost fell limply out of the saddle. I hailed him, but he merely waved his crop and rode on towards a black speck approaching in the distance from the white house; when this turned out to be a girl on horseback, I gave up the chase, for obvious reasons, and rode on, wondering who she might be.

An hour after I met them down a bye lane. Their horses, side by side, were taking things easily at a slow walk, and the reins hung loosely in the riders' hands. When you observe anything like this you may bet with confidence that Cupid is making all the running.

The girl, rising eighteen or thereabouts, was refreshing to look upon, ingenuous and fair. I must confess I felt sorry for her, for it was plain to see that the handsome but incorrigible James had given his youthful affections—in exchange for hers.

As I trotted sharply past them I distinctly caught from James:

"Not a word to the guv'nor, old chap!"

I nodded.

III.

It was as a special mark of favour that, three days before the big race was to be run on the Carholme, old Sterry invited me overnight to witness the trial between Lord Clancarton's horses. He told me that they were to carry their respective Lincolnshire weights, which meant that the notoriously good horse Chippenham was to concede 20lbs. to the three-year-old public failure, Première Danseuse. I was the only one present besides old Sterry, the stable jockey, and a trusted light-weight apprentice. The grey haze of early dawn had hardly cleared when we rode out in the chilly air. The landscape, to old Sterry's satisfaction, was innocent of the touts, all of whom had been rendered handsomely drunk the night before at the trainer's expense. Harry Sterry, however, mentioned his distrust of the new occupiers of Merriston Lodge, now shrouded in the haze, but I pointed out that the best pair of glasses could hardly have reached the distance under the atmospheric conditions, And the matter was dismissed.

In the trial over the mile (the Lincolnshire distance) that followed, Première Danseuse acquitted herself so creditably, and gave Chippenham such a sound beating, that when Sterry left me he cantered away with the light heart of a man whose troubles are at last ended for ever.

"I shall get any price I like about the filly," he said, "so will his Lordship, and I shall have a few pounds to call my own in a day or two, my boy!"

My way lay somewhere in the direction of Merriston Lodge. The sun had risen in a cloudless sky, and my eye happened to rest momentarily on a high window of the white house, which reflected the rays of the sun. Suddenly it went out, reappearing at jerky, somewhat irregular intervals. This so reminded me of the heliograph code of which I possessed some knowledge, that I instinctively tried to string together the letters I thought accidentally formed. It was a message in very truth, I discovered, and it ran:

"*What won the trial?*"

The light snapped off sharply and I turned my head around for the answer. I had not scanned the landscape long before, rising from a clump of bushes, I saw a heliograph convulsively winking. Then a sudden suspicion entered my mind. I kept my eye on the heliograph.

"*Première Danseuse won easily by three lengths. Certainty for Lincolnshire.*"

Thus the message ran. I found on investigation that my surmise was correct. It was the innocent James signalling in the bush, and the beauteous maiden was doubtless logging the message in the white house!

My remarks to James, as I "chopped" him like an unwary fox in covert, were pointed, and touched principally on the duty of a child towards its parents.

Yet I will say for James that he did not know the girl he so blindly adored was the daughter of an "inspired" and heavy speculator, whose lead the smaller fry tumbled over to follow when he backed a horse. The misguided youth explained that for several days they had amused themselves sending sickly love messages by the heliograph that "her father happened to have," and she said she would like to know the result of the trial "for fun."

That afternoon I called to see the trainer. His face was purple with rage. Première Danseuse had been so heavily backed that morning that the price at the clubs had naturally shortened to "seven to one," which was exactly the odds he had to take to his money about a horse that, on form, had not the slightest chance and should have stood at a "hundred to three."

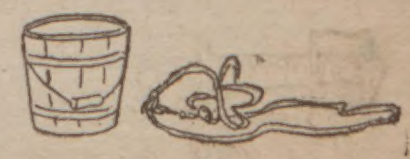
When he began wildly to speculate on what Lord Clancarton would say, I left him, and volunteered no word in explanation—for the sake of the well-being of his beloved and only son, James.

* * * * * * *

The following I quote from a respected official of the Victoria Club—who owns a Thirst:

"Yes, sir, yesterday Lord Clancarton strolls into the club, an' he says to old Charlie, over there, 'What price Première Danseuse?' 'Five to one to *you*, m'lord,' says Charlie. 'I'm afraid you've made a bit of a bloomer, Charles,' said his lordship (I give the sense, sir, not the exact words). 'I'm not askin' the price of the favourite.' 'That's a pity, m'lord,' says Charlie, 'for that's precisely the position in the market that Première Something holds at present, and my book is full of it. Still, I'll bet five monkeys to *you*, m'lord.' 'That you don't!' says his lordship, and calls up his private secretary. 'Harold,' he says, *most* indignant, 'the bally old British public have backed my horse—the *right* one this time—down to fives! Think of their colossal cheek. Just wire to Wetherby's and scratch the brute—immediate!'"

It is sad to think that it was merely what sporting journalists term "the stroke of the pen through the horse's name" that sent poor Harry Sterry to perdition—which aptly describes Belgian racing.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

SELECTION OF EXERCISES.

I have received several letters saying that I give in these columns so many exercises that it is impossible to get through them in the allotted time morning and evening.

That is no doubt true, but of course I do not expect any man to go through all the exercises given, or to keep on at any one for many days in succession without a rest from it.

Common sense must be employed in the choice of exercises. Several are given for the development of the same set of muscles, in order to give some variety, and prevent the monotony which is inevitable if, for instance, one sticks to the same exercise for the biceps.

A change now and then is necessary, or we should get so tired of the whole thing that we should let Physical Culture go to the wall, and become "sloppy" once more.

You should be careful also not to put too much strain on any one set of muscles by continuing an exercise or exercises for their development day after day until you are tired of it.

This will have the effect of developing the different parts of the body unevenly, and perhaps of straining the muscle used.

FOR THIGHS AND CALVES.

A simple but effective exercise for the thigh and calf muscles is the following.

Simple but useful.

Stand at attention, and bend the legs alternately from the knees until the shins are parallel with the ground.

Hold them there until the thigh and calf muscles are thoroughly tired.

Not only will this benefit the muscles of the leg that is raised, but the strain of keeping the balance—which at first will be a matter of some difficulty—will have a splendid effect on the calf muscles of the other leg.

To make further use of the same exercise for strengthening the ankles, try to straighten out the foot that is off the ground until it is in line with the lower part of the leg.

The strain of forcing it into this position will have the effect of tensing and exercising the leg muscles.

APPLIANCES NOT CONDEMNED.

Readers sometimes ask whether I am opposed to the use of the various appliances which are now sold for physical culture.

On the contrary I am very strongly in favour of the majority of them, if they are used sensibly, and with reference to the chart issued with them.

The exercises given on this page, however, are intended to be as simple as possible, and to involve no appliances which are not available for everybody, in order to show that physical culture need not be restricted to those who can afford the money, time, and space demanded by the more elaborate appliances.

The latter, being of a scientific nature, are of course preferable where they can be afforded, but they are by no means essential.

For many of the ordinary appliances—dumb-bells, weights, bar-bells, for example—those who cannot afford them can make very serviceable, if inferior, substitutes.

CHANGING YOUR APPLIANCES.

The physical-culturist often gets tired of his appliances for no particular reason, just as a man will tire of a cricket bat or a tennis racket.

I suppose it is simply the craving for variety, which, indeed, is so necessary both in mental and physical development.

The man who always reads the same book and nothing else would do little towards the culture of his mind, and exercises and physical developers are the books of the body.

But to buy new appliances when you are tired of the old ones, is an expensive business.

It is far better to get those of which someone else has had enough, and you may be able to arrange simply to exchange yours for his.

It is the need of a medium for such exchange amongst the readers of this page that the Editor hopes to supply by means of the scheme announced on p. 3 of the cover of this issue.

This should give a splendid opportunity to the keen physical culturist who can only afford a limited number of appliances, but wishes for an occasional, perhaps only a temporary change.

AN EXERCISE FOR GRACE.

Start at attention with the toes well apart, placing the hands lightly on the hips. Now lunge smartly forward, carrying the right foot about a couple of feet out in the direction in which it was formerly pointing.

Good for every muscle in the body.

Let the whole body swing easily from the hips at the same time, until you are facing half-right.

Be especially careful that the head turns with the body and that the shoulders are square with the hips. Remember also to keep the left foot unmoved.

Then repeat the exercise, lunging to the left, and continue it with alternate feet.

If this lunge is made vigorously the effects will be most marked on the whole body.

The most important thing gained will be a grace of movement similar to that which fencing practice can give.

An easy swing and pose of the body are the chief things to aim at.

A FINE VIGOROUS EXERCISE.

This is an excellent developer for chest and shoulders, and a good variant from the ordinary double swing.

Stand at attention with the chest thrown well out, and fists clenched. Raise the right arm as far as possible above and behind the shoulder, throwing the left arm out behind you, in the position shown in the sketch.

For upper arms and chest.

Both arms must be kept throughout the exercise in the same place with the shoulders and the hips.

Then the arms should be swung vigorously until their positions are reversed. Each must be forced back as far as possible, and checked there for a second or two before the return swing is commenced.

This will give looseness to the shoulders, while developing the upper arm muscles and expanding the chest.

You must be careful to stand smartly at attention throughout the exercise, with the chest thrown well out.

Moreover, it must be done with vim, for otherwise it will be worse than useless.

It is a fine exercise to practise after you have done the heavier ones.

THE LUST OF EXERCISE.

THE VERY BASIS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Why does a man go in for athletics?

For the best of reasons—because he is a man.

It is born in the blood, this primitive instinct that makes him want to use the strength that God has given him.

In nine cases out of ten it is not because he has argued with himself, and forced himself to be up and doing for the sake of his health. Most men realise, though they may pretend that they do not, that it is necessary for their health, but that is not sufficient to urge them to more than a walk now and then, or perhaps a short run at very far distant intervals.

No, it is just the lust of exercise that does it. Lust is a word that has come to bear an evil significance, yet here we have a lust, of the flesh if you will, but one which is wholly for good.

Man is really at his happiest when he is striving, or has earned his rest by striving. The loafer and the stay-at-home miss half the joy of life.

How the blood tingles in the veins as you battle with the elements, cleaving your way through water or air, putting a girdle round the earth as you cover the ground on cycle or afoot! What a delicious feeling it is to be really fagged out!

The man who has run a race, the man who has rowed a course, or played a hard footer match, or marched a dozen or a score of dusty miles in a hot uniform, with rifle and accoutrements to carry—he knows it, and it is such moments, and the thought of them, that add the zest to his life.

But is it entirely a lust of the flesh? Does not the appeal of exercise lie to some extent in the feeling of pride that follows it? You don't know that it is pride; certainly you wouldn't confess it. But it is.

There is a feeling of something achieved, something attempted, something done, that is infinitely sweet to the human heart—a sense of triumph over nature and the elements, of pride that you and you alone should be capable of so much energy. You are the strong man glorying in his strength.

The philosophers of Greece laid great emphasis on "the performance of function" as an element in the goodness of which they were in search.

It is the performance of its function by every part of his body in the best possible way and to the best possible end, at which the man who is keen on exercise and goes in for physical development, aims.

Yet many a man who indulges in vigorous exercise has no thought of improving body or mind—for a sound mind without a healthy body is rare, and in any case it must have relaxation. It is just the pent-up energy within him that seeks a vent, and finds it in doing something.

Then in many sports there is the spice of danger that has such an irresistible attraction, especially when coupled with a sense of superiority to it. You are swimming far from shore with fathoms of greedy sea below you, but you are a strong swimmer, and you laugh at it.

You are climbing a mountain and a false step may mean death. But you know that your practised skill will prevent your making that false step.

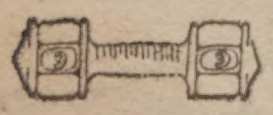
You are sculling in a cockle-shell on a river that is churned into miniature waves, while the wild white horses make for you, driven on by a gale of wind. You smile at them, and tug at your sculls and kick at the stretcher. What matter if you are capsized? You can swim.

That is the lust of exercise.

A man may have taken to the sport or sports he loves because at school he was made to do so, or because he wished to stand well with his fellow men, or because he coveted some cup or prize, but in the end, if he is the right sort, he sticks to it because it gives play to his vital energy.

He wants to let off steam.

ALAN HAMER.



"HOTS" AND "WORMS."

SOME QUAINT FOOTBALL GAMES.

The species of football still practised by the boys of Winchester could not be intelligently followed by the man who plays only Soccer. The ground is only 80 yards by 25 yards, and across the whole length of each end of it is a rut which forms the goal and is known as "worms." The ball is considerably smaller and lighter than that used in Soccer, and to score a goal you have to kick this ball across "worms." Dribbling or passing are regarded as illegal, but the ball may be caught and punted, but must not rise higher than five feet from the ground. Drop kicking is not allowed.

At one time an unfortunate youngster was utilised as goal in the Winchester game. He stood with his arms spread in the air and his legs wide apart, and if the ball was kicked either directly over his head or through between his legs a goal was scored. In those days also little boys were used to mark the limits of the field.

In the Harrow game even the shape of the ball is a novelty. It is very heavy and is neither round nor oval, but somewhat resembles a Soccer ball that has been sat on by a giant and has failed to regain its shape. At each end of the ground stand a couple of uprights without any cross-bar, and a side scores when the ball is kicked anywhere between these posts however high, for they are supposed to be of unlimited length.

Although the game consists chiefly of dribbling, the player is allowed to catch the ball from a kick and, if he succeeds in doing so and has the presence of mind to shout "Yards" before the ball is sent flying out of his hands, he is free from attack for three yards in any direction, and is entitled to a free kick; this he generally utilises in an endeavour to score a goal. Apart, however, from this catching, the ball is not touched by the hands, and resembles Soccer in many points.

Eton boasts two games. In its Field game the goals are only 11 feet wide and 7 feet high. The game is essentially a dribbling one, and when a man secures the ball his side uses its utmost endavours in preventing his opponents from interfering with him.

Eton's "Wall" game is unique. It is played beside a wall 120 yards long, one goal consisting of a door and the other of an elm tree. Scrimmages form an essential part of this game and are called at the school "bullies."

If a player secures the ball and can touch it against any part of the wall he is allowed a free throw at his opponents' goal, but must not kick the ball under these circumstances. The goal by the way is known as the "calx," the door being known as "good calx" and the tree as "bad calx."

We have, of course, always led in football matters, but those countries which have adopted our games have sometimes introduced novelties of their own. In the American edition of football, for instance, the ball used is of the Rugby shape but there is practically none of the open passing and the long accurate kicking which makes a Rugby game such an attractive spectacle.

The Yankee game consists almost entirely of a series of scrums, and so rough is the play that in one season 19 have been killed and 137 seriously injured.

France has taken up the Rugby game with much enthusiasm, but their methods are in many respects different from our own. At a Paris Rugby match, which by the way is always played on Sunday, you may see several of the players practising kicks before the match begins, wholly indifferent to the fact that they are tiring themselves out and weakening their side. Moreover the French footballer never trains, and he knows nothing whatsoever of combination, his one object being to make as big a kick as possible, for at that he is applauded vociferously no matter whether the kick does his side any good or not.

ADAM ROWLES.

HIS MISTAKE.

"Have you hurt yourself?" asked the good samaritan.

The question was superfluous, for the gentleman addressed was sitting on the edge of the pavement with his back against a lamp-post. His handkerchief was a ruby red, for his nose had been badly damaged; sometimes he dabbed his eyes with his handkerchief and made them a pretty colour, sometimes he put his hand to his right ear to observe how quickly it was growing in size, and sometimes, by way of a change, he picked little bits of a celluloid fountain pen out of his waistcoat pocket.

"No," he replied with admirable restraint, "I have not hurt myself. It was that great brute walking down the road that hurt me. I am by profession a literary man, a canvasser of books to be more exact, and introduced to his notice a volume entitled 'Why not keep a dog?'

"How was I to know, till he told me between the biffs, that his dog had just worried the cat of his maiden aunt who was going to leave him money, that it had followed this by running out of the house without its collar and then biting off the little finger of the policeman who tried to read its name and address which were not there?

"He told me he had just come from settling with the lawyer who defended the case. I'm going to drop this and start something easy and safe, like diving from the top of a steeple on to a hard pavement, or being shot from a cannon."

And the good samaritan, being a discreet person, refrained from comment.

FOUL.

The home team were making things hot for their opponents. In fact they had so completely hemmed in the visitors that their own goalkeeper, Billy Smith, was left deserted. He had every confidence that the ball would not come to his end of the field for some time, and so, in one of those weak moments to which the hero is so liable in the early part of a serial story, he left his post to have a chat with a friend in the crowd.

Presently there was a yell, and the visiting forwards were seen to break loose and to come dashing down the field towards the uprights that yawned unprotected before them.

Rousing himself in an instant, Billy Smith prepared to leave the fence against which he had been leaning.

But Billy struggled, Billy got purple, and Billy said things that would have broken the recording arrangement of any respectable phonograph. But Billy did not move from the fence.

The visiting forwards dashed along in fine style and scored an easy goal, and then, only then, Billy tore himself free, leaving the back of his jersey attached to the fence.

"Ah, me!" sighed a young lady. "He's bent my hat pin all out of shape, and I believe I could have fastened him to the paling just as well with an ordinary safety. But," she remarked cheerfully to her companion, "what does a hat pin matter so long as our Tom's side has scored?"

THE ORDER OF THE COUGH-DROP.

PROCLAMATION, AND FIRST AWARD.

WHEREAS, being desirous of recognising the services of certain modern men, who have, so far, escaped Mr. Billington and the Third Class of the Victorian Order, take NOTICE, all ye whom it may or may not concern, that by these presents (don't you wish you may get 'em) WE have instituted

THE (SLIGHTLY) ELEVATED ORDER OF THE COUGH-DROP.

Ribbon: Coffee-Coloured. Motto: "It's Cheek That Does It."

FURTHER, be it known that by virtue of our Royal leathers patent we have this day appointed as a member (no particular class) of the aforesaid ELEVATED ORDER of the COUGH-DROP our (moderately) trusty and well-beloved friend

ROGER POCOCK,

of TIMBUCTOO.

BECAUSE:

He is a (moderately) bold, bad man.

He founded the Legion of Frontiersmen. And alone he did it.

He is the author of that beautiful poem: "The Charge of the Tights Brigade," which commemorates the L.O.F.'s deathless ride in La Milo's procession at Coventry.

He challenged THE MODERN MAN to a duel. And when the challenge was accepted:

He dried up.

According to himself, when the Empire is in danger, our last hope will be Mr. ROGER POCOCK and the LEGION of FRONTIERSMEN.

GOD SAVE the KING (and us)!

THINGS SEEN.

I. THE YOUNG CARRIER.

I met him as I tramped down the steep hill that brings you into Bristol from the Bath road.

Nature could have had no thought for horseflesh when she put the hill there, or man when he built his town at its base.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the carriers' vans, loaded to their utmost limits, were crawling upwards from the smoke and the houses beneath. None of the drivers rode up this hill; their weight would have been the last straw to their horses. They walked beside their vans and there was much cracking of whips and a few lurid curses.

One felt sorry for the horses, harassed both by their loads and by their drivers, but in justice to the carriers their method seemed to be the only obvious one for the negotiation of the wicked incline.

In the middle of the hill I met the young carrier, and the picture of him returns to me now, as something seen, something worth remembering.

His right hand grasped the side of the van and he was pulling step for step with his horse. His head was bent down, for he was pulling hard, and no word came from his lips. His horse did not need other encouragement than the knowledge of having a fellow worker. Both were pulling their utmost.

As they passed me I stopped and looked back. They were worth looking at. The horse was a good one and well cared for. The man was somewhere in the early twenties and a magnificent young giant. He was dressed in a well-worn jacket, rough breeches and leggings, but he filled them beautifully and his costume seemed finer than that of the most immaculate dandy.

G. BULCRAIG.

What Our Readers Say.

CYCLE TOURING.

I believe many cyclists forego the pleasure of touring because they are afraid of the cost.

As a tourist of some experience I find it can be done comfortably on 5s. per day. One of my most enjoyable tours of six days cost me the modest sum of £1 11s. 9d., and 3s. 6d. of this was for railway fares.

It is much better to have a companion than to go alone, especially for the first time.

Don't take too much in the way of luggage—you will be astonished at what you can do without on a happy-go-lucky tour. I find it possible to get along for a week with a toothbrush, comb, and a spare shirt.

As for collars, when riding I wear a waterproof collar, slightly larger than the size usually worn; this is more convenient than taking a supply of linen collars.

Don't forget your cape and overalls.

When stopping for the night, don't make for the first hotel which looks suitable, but make inquiries of a native. Very often clean, comfortable accommodation can be had elsewhere than an hotel.

It is as well to get to know what you will have to pay before putting up, as I find some proprietors "pile it on," thinking they are not likely to see you again.

Far more enjoyment can be had by taking it fairly easy, and stopping when you feel inclined, than by mapping out stopping places beforehand, for a great deal depends on wind and roads.

SPONGING A HORSE'S NOSE.

The ordinary human being with any regard for cleanliness has a feeling that he wants to wash his mouth out in the morning.

Has it ever occurred to you that your horse may feel much the same?

Try sponging his nose thoroughly with cold water every morning, and you will find his gratitude will be immense. It refreshes him tremendously, and is apparently the equine equivalent of a mouth-wash.

INSIPID GIRLS.

The average young man has a lamentably catholic taste where girls are concerned, and it is sad to see how often he will tie himself for life to one whose shallowness and stupidity will tire him to death before they have been married many years.

Beware, young man, of the insipid girl. You may find her in any walk of life, making the same futile remarks, trying to flirt in an inane sort of way, talking about none of the things that matter, living just for the moment.

It is not merely that she is too frivolous, many of the finest women are that. But she has got no go in her, no backbone; she just drifts through life.

You can't like her for long because she is as much lacking in head as in heart. She is a girl of no account.

I have just met one—hence this paragraph—but, thank Heaven, the insipid girl has no attractions for me.

HOW TO STROP A RAZOR.

So many men when they begin to shave never take the trouble to learn from an expert how to strop a razor, that a few words on the subject may be useful to my fellow readers.

The best kind of strop is undoubtedly the flexible strap variety, with one side of rough canvas and the other of smooth leather, which is affixed by a ring to the bedstead, or to a hook in the wall.

It should be kept in good condition with a few drops of ordinary sweet oil from time to time.

The razor should be stropped, if possible, both before and after shaving, the strop being held more or less taut with the left hand, and the razor passed with not too heavy a pressure over the surface, taking care, of course, that the cutting edge is always drawn, and never pushed, to and fro. The back of the razor should never leave the strop at either end, but should be drawn to within an inch or two of the end of the strop.

If you are the possessor of a safety razor, it is best not to attempt to strop it without a "stropping machine."

These can now be bought remarkably cheaply, and only require drawing to and fro with the requisite amount of pressure, for they do the turning of the blade at each end automatically.

BICYCLE BRAKES AND MUD.

When cleaning a bike one very often skips over the rim-brakes, saying "Oh, they're sure to get dirty again at once."

But it is more important to clean these than any other part of the bicycle. The cyclist who rides a free wheel trusts his life to his brakes several times a day, and if they refuse to work at the critical moment, he may be in a very awkward fix.

It is worth while, therefore, to see that the brakes are not clogged with mud, and that they are well oiled; and if there is a hand-brake to the back wheel, take care that the wire is not getting worn through where there is friction.

MAKING A DOG SPORTING.

No doubt most of my fellow readers are anxious to make their canine friend as good a sportsman as themselves.

It is true that some dogs have more of the sporting instinct than others, but all must be educated from puppyhood.

Get your dog as a puppy, and train it yourself.

Teach him first of all to leave cats well alone. This will be for his own good, as well as being the obvious thing that a gentleman would do.

Train him early to work after rabbits. It is not a bad plan to give him a rabbit-skin to worry; he must have something, and otherwise it may be your slippers.

Take him ratting with an old dog, from whose example he can learn much. He will be able to finish off those vermin which the old chap is too busy to deal with.

Teach him also to swim, but not by throwing him into the water. First train him to retrieve a stick or a stone thrown on dry land, and then throw the stick for gradually increasing distances into the water.

A sporting dog is essentially a plucky dog; to breed pluck you must be careful not to let him get scared as a puppy, but teach him courage by gradual stages.

SOMETHING YOU CAN WRITE.

It is not necessary to be an expert journalist to contribute to this page; indeed, we prefer the work of others, as it has an added freshness.

You can write us an interesting paragraph. If it needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. S. S. Procter, 3, Savile Terrace, Halifax, for "Cycle Touring."

NAVY CUT *v.* MIXTURES.

I have no wish to advertise any particular brand of tobacco, but I cannot help thinking that many smokers use mixtures simply because they have never tried anything else, and that a word in time may be the means of increasing their pleasure in their pipes.

Personally I am a devoted adherent of navy cut, but if I cannot get that I am content with any of the "block" tobaccos known as "cut golden bars" or "gold block," and so on.

These retain the flavour of the original tobacco leaf to a far greater extent than the various cut mixtures, which contain a large amount of latakia, and very likely of drugs besides.

Another merit of the various navy cut tobaccos is that they hold their natural moisture for a long time and seldom get dry as mixtures do; the latter are not infrequently dust dry and therefore hot to smoke.

The drawback is the trouble of rubbing up the tobacco, or cutting it up. But apart from the fact that, to me at least, this is a rather fascinating pastime, the advantage in flavour more than counterbalances it.

FAT COMFORT.

The average weight of a murderer is 155lbs., and it is not on record that any really fat man has ever been convicted on a capital charge.

As burglars fat men would be practically useless; they would be equally unsuccessful as pickpockets, and as shoplifters they would be rank failures. No maiden lady in her careful searching ever found a fat man beneath her bed.

The beggar knows that he has more chance of getting alms from a fat man than a lean one. The lost child will entrust itself to the care of a fat policeman, while it struggles howling from the grasp of a thin one.

Consider your friends. Did you ever know a fat man to have an offensive conscience?

STRIKING SAFETY MATCHES.

The match which will only strike on the box has no doubt saved many serious fires, but at times it becomes a nuisance.

For instance, the prepared surface on the box may have become damp or so worn that it is useless.

Most of us in such circumstances are apt to pitch the whole box away and get another, but it is a tip worth knowing that a "safety" match will strike equally well on glass or marble, or any similar smooth surface. One can usually find a window handy when the box fails.

Lighting a wooden match in a strong wind is another problem which often presents some difficulty.

Here the box comes in useful. If the inner part be drawn half way through the cover, the cavity so formed will be a far more effective shelter for the flame than the hollow of the hand.

ATHLETIC MEDALS.

A little point of good or bad form by which a man is often judged is his habit with regard to wearing the badges and medals which he may have won by his athletic prowess.

If they are large enough to be ostentatious the best advice is not to wear them at all, or to restrict them to meetings of the club at which they were won.

Many men however like to wear their medals on their watchchain—which is indeed the only way in which good form will allow a man to carry them.

But if the choice of medals is left to the wearer, let him be careful to get as small and as good a one as possible.

One sometimes sees a young fellow, who has won a number of small athletic medals, wearing them festooned across his waist, fastened at even intervals to his watchchain. He is making himself conspicuous, bragging, in reality, of his prowess, and making a mere vulgar display which will do him more harm than good.

The best method of keeping your trophies is to keep them hanging in a glass fronted case on the wall of your den or your own room at home.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE · GLENDINNINGS.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

Now this is the story of the Dark Ages period in the history of the Glendinnings, when the bone of contention was provided by the local Hunt, and Tommy Glendinning was known to the countryside merely as "Mrs. Glendinning's husband."

It should, perhaps, be explained that Mrs. Glendinning was the only daughter of an old county family that had lived in the Hall at Gradfield for generations. When she was Miss Katherine Perrison, Tommy Glendinning successfully claimed her, and it was old Perrison's dying wish that the pair should reside in the Hall. Therefore, when Tommy had settled up, he settled down to the life of the proverbial country squire in the best county in East Anglia, thanked the gods for the blessings they had bestowed upon him, and turned his mind to scientific and purely theoretical agriculture—which was naturally a useless occupation.

In the parlance of the country yokels, "The missus wore the breeches," and, refusing to countenance his new fangled irrigation schemes on what was virtually her land, she set "the maister's" authority at nought, and ordered the head bailiff on the farm to conduct things in the sweet old way.

Now Tommy came from the Midlands, and, above all things, considered himself a heaven-born horseman. He was a fine, sturdy young Englishman of the kind that looks as if it "tubs" regularly every morning, and, even if it does live in the country, refuses to be uncivilised. Every man born in the Midlands considers himself a judge of hunting, and the local Harriers were certainly rather tame after the Quorn and the Belvoir, yet Tommy had almost decided, for the traditions of his wife's family, to accept the Mastership in good time, when suddenly, as I have said, his authority was undermined. He promptly informed his pretty but self-willed little Mrs. Kitty that he was "fearfully sorry, but couldn't think of huntin' out of Leicestershire."

Whereat scalding tears flowed over this, the first quarrel, and Tommy discovered that the one thing in the world he desired above all others was to inspect the sheep in the Long Field.

When he had exhausted the contents of his tobacco pouch, he plodded back through rain-sodden fields in the watery February twilight. A harsh east wind stirred the trees in front of the old Hall, which looked as cold as the reception he expected.

He kicked the mud off his boots with the air of a man who hankers after the flesh pots of London. Gradfield lay at least five miles from anywhere, and the second and last post of the day had just come in.

Tommy clumped through into the dining-room. Mrs. Kitty, her face lit by the flickering fire, was dropping silent tears over a letter.

"Oh, cheer up!" said Tommy in his breeziest, most forgiving manner.

Mrs. Kitty's tears were hastily brushed away.

"Good gracious, you don't think I was crying over *you?*" she said. "I've had a letter from—from an old friend." Yet her voice was trembling slightly.

Glendinning observed that the corner of the envelope bore the Queensland stamp, and promptly tried to assume the important air befitting the youngest magistrate in the county.

"That young bounder Jack Grantham?" he asked gravely. (Grantham was not more than three years his senior.)

Mrs. Glendinning nodded, and nervously poked the unoffending fire.

"He's coming home. His people have forgiven him," said Mrs. Glendinning after a pause. She did not look up at her husband.

"H-m," was all that Tommy could remark.

"And he doesn't know I'm married," Mrs. Kitty went on. She handed him the empty envelope, addressed to "Miss Katherine Perrison."

Just then the servant came in, lit the great lamp that hung, luxuriously shaded, over the table, and set the tea.

"Come along, Kit. I'm hungry, you know," said Glendinning.

Tommy commenced to attack vigorously some poached eggs on toast, with the healthy appetite of full-blooded youth.

"What a sell for poor old Grantham!" he exclaimed.

"Why, yes!" said Mrs. Kitty with forced gaiety.

The young man buried his nose in a tea-cup. Mrs. Kitty went swiftly to the fire—and burnt a letter.

She darted a glance covertly at her husband. The unconscious Tommy continued to make an excellent tea.

II.

Above all things, Glendinning prided himself upon the solid English trait that he never went back on his word. Once he had sneered at the Gradfield Harriers, it was not likely that any small consideration, such as his wife's request, would induce him to hunt with them.

"A four fields run is a wonder here," he would protest as he breakfasted in his dressing-gown on Meet mornings, when he should have been booted and spurred. "Besides, the new Master is a peppery old brute, the Huntsman's usually drunk, and I'll swear the hounds haven't an idea of scenting anything."

Then he would launch forth into cynical criticisms of the subscribers, their gate-opening methods and lack of pluck, and draw a Leicestershire comparison which was odious, to say the least of it.

In good time the handsome Mr. Jack Grantham returned to the home of his fathers, where the fatted calf was killed and eaten in his honour. The offence that sent him out to Queensland several years previously was not so great against present day society, but it loomed large in the scandalised eyes of his ultra-Non-conformist parents, and, seeing that it was the old, old story of an affair between "quite a common girl, you know," and this young man of the landed class, it needs no explanation.

He seemed no sadder and no wiser than before, and he signalised his return to the county by considerably livening up the hopelessly bored subscribers to the Gradfield Harriers. He rode straight to hounds over the most ticklish places, and was not averse from relating his colonial experiences with embellishments regarding buck-jumping horses and so on. Whereat he became the idol of the Hunt, and was secretly admired by his old sweetheart, who was now Mrs. Glendinning.

Glendinning received him hospitably on countless occasions, and referred to him as the only man with any sensible conversation in the district. He turned up to the little family dinners at the Hall in evening dress, as a decent man should, and could talk of other things besides horses and the land, an accomplishment not apparent in the rest of the Gradfield society.

The countryside felt that the hunting field was not complete without the presence of the virtual owner of the old Hall, and they put Jack Grantham on to draw him out. He failed miserably. Glendinning pointedly observed that he was one of the old-fashioned sort that objected to seeing ladies at a Meet at all, and when the masculine members could only be described as "old women"—well, one had to draw a line somewhere. He added to his sin, the flaunting of it in the face of the countryside, by indulging in ostentatious riding exercise daily. This in nowise improved his relations with Mrs. Kitty, who found many hunting women to remark on her culpable mismanagement of her husband.

It was after a three-cornered dinner, Jack Grantham being the only guest, that Glendinning discovered Mrs. Kitty's precise opinion of him.

Mrs. Glendinning had gone into the drawing-room with Grantham, and was playing over—

"Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows
Softly come and go——"

Glendinning, in his socks, was searching for his slippers in his study, the door of which was almost opposite the drawing-room.

"Tho' the heart be weary——"

The singing stopped abruptly, but Mrs. Kitty went on playing the accompaniment a trifle louder. Yet above it Tommy heard his wife talking earnestly.

"Jack, he's a thorough-paced egoist. He doesn't care what shame he puts me to before that cat of a Lady Vi, and the rest of the beastly hunting women!"

"Somewhat terse!" thought Tommy as he discovered a slipper in the waste paper basket. He was a man of equable temper.

"Then we'll bolt for it to-morrow!" came the tones of Jack Grantham. "Ride to the Meet in the ordinary way, send your boxes to the station in the morning—he'll be out. We can cut the Hunt after the first kill, and catch the 3.15 to town from Stoke Felton."

Glendinning dropped his slippers and flushed angrily for a moment.

"Oh, I can't, Jack. I—well—I like him. If he'd only ride with me to the Harriers I'd forgive him—really. Yet I can't stand it any longer—that beastly Lady Vi and those women. All right, I'll come—ssh!"

Then they broke out into the chorus again, while Glendinning sat and pondered.

"Still to us at twilight
Comes love's sweet song——"

"Tommy, where are you?" Mrs. Kitty called.

Glendinning did not answer. Now some men would have employed a horsewhip there and then with effect, but not so the subtle Tommy.

As he strolled, slippered and smiling, into the drawing-room, no one would have thought he had said to himself:

"Very well, Mr. Jack Grantham. I think I can beat you at your own game!"

III.

That the Master almost had a fit is putting it mildly. The members stared and rubbed their eyes. Yet no one could get over the fact. Mr. Thomas Glendinning had been drawn at last—with every intention, apparently, of enjoying the fun!

He had ridden up late to the Meet outside the aristocratic Towers that sheltered the noble

Earl, who was Lady Vi's father.

The butler informed Glendinning that Mrs. Kitty was inside partaking of the "breakfast" that the open hospitality of the house offered. Mr. Grantham, it appeared, had ridden up with her, and was in the dining-room.

Glendinning relinquished his horse to the charge of a groom, and entered.

He exchanged semi-humorous banter with the men, and appeared in the best of spirits. He drank cherry brandy with Jack Grantham.

"Well, may we have a good run to-day!" Jack exclaimed, raising his glass.

"And let's hope no obstacle will prevent either of us from being in at the death, Grantham!" said Glendinning enthusiastically.

* * * * * * *

The account of that first run is recorded faithfully by the secretary in his private diary, but the reverend gentleman naturally omits those falls and "moving accidents by flood and field" that would give rise to ungodly language.

Suffice it to say that a keen observer might have noticed that Grantham did his level best to outshine Glendinning—and failed.

The hounds that Tommy had so adversely criticised were running strong on the scent of poor "puss," when, as they were taking a big fence together, Glendinning's horse knocked Grantham's mount clean over into a rain sodden lumpy field.

Glendinning rode back as Grantham had picked himself up, and was attempting to wipe the mud off his face.

"Oh, don't apologise!" said Jack Grantham sarcastically.

Glendinning replied that he had no such intention, and his further remarks, being straight and to the point, concluded with the observation that no gentleman could take train to London in that state—but possibly, to-morrow, he would not find it inconvenient to make that journey alone—for a visit of indefinite duration?

Grantham sullenly acquiesced. He had the choice offered by a proverbial inn-keeper named Hobson.

"Kitty," said Glendinning, as they rode home together after the Meet, "I think you said you wanted to go to town—to buy some frocks or something?"

"I think it might be postponed," Mrs. Kitty remarked smilingly. "We must both come to the Meet again next Friday."

"We've had a glorious day's sport anyway," said Glendinning.

MONEY OR HAPPINESS?

Why is it that those professions in which it is most difficult to earn a large amount are often those in which there is least difficulty in obtaining recruits?

Perhaps the very number of aspirants has itself something to do with the keeping down of the wages to be earned, for there is no difficulty in filling a vacancy at a very low figure.

But what is it that attracts the recruits?

Well, though the philosophers may not recognise them as such, there are to the modern man two paramount "goods"—money and happiness.

Fortunately, while a large number of men put the former in front of everything, happiness is still the chief aim of thousands, who have a natural inclination towards those professions in which it is most easily found.

Take for instance the Army. The man who enlists in the regiment of his choice has no opportunity of making a fortune, and unless he has first learnt a trade, he may be in difficulties on getting his discharge.

Yet he is sure of a happy and pleasant life in the service of his country, and is he to be blamed for placing happiness before fortune, and letting the money take care of itself?

Journalism again is a profession which has a charm and a sense of power which amply compensate for the scarcity of "plums" it offers.

Then there are all the horsey jobs. A man who likes horses will elect to drive one, no matter how bad the pay is.

Oh to be a sailor, for the salt is in my veins!—READE.

The "windjammer" is the contemptuous epithet of steamer men for the sailing-ship; but it is only aboard such that the true sailor is to be found.

The seaman on the steamer is no more than a deckhand, as regards his duties, and I have it on the authority of a marine engineer that not the fastest steamer afloat can match in speed a full-rigged ship before a fresh wind.

And it is life indeed to tread the decks of such a craft, to feel the gentle heave of her stout timbers, to hear the throb and slatting of the bellying canvas overhead, the ripple of the parted waves under the cutwater, the rush of the water past her sides.

There are more sailing-ships afloat in the British merchant service to-day than ever there were. In many branches of trade the sailing-ship is cheaper, and so will always be preferred to the steamer.

It was a very good ship on the whole that I got aboard on my first voyage. She was bound for Sydney with a general cargo, and carried twelve able-bodied seamen, four ordinary seamen, including myself, four apprentices and three mates. The apprentices were berthed by themselves in a little deck-house, but as often as not spent their leisure in the forecastle with us sailors.

I was put into the starboard watch—so named, of course, from the side of the forecastle we occupied. The forecastle is generally divided into two compartments, one for each watch, so that the men of one watch may not disturb those of the other, who may be asleep, by their coming or going when on duty.

At 12 noon (eight bells) the nautical day begins. We of the starboard watch relieved the port watch, who would then have dinner.

Two A.B.'s would have to act as look-out and steersman, and then the rest of us would lounge about the deck for'ard as we pleased so long as we were ready to obey any order from the officer on the poop.

It was the apprentices' duty to look after the time, and strike the bell every half-hour. The even strokes represented the hours, and the odd numbers the half-hours.

At half-past twelve, for instance, there would be one stroke of the bell; at one o'clock two; and so on, up to four o'clock, when eight bells are struck the same as at twelve.

The less said about the food we got, the better. "Salt junk" or pork was the great staple and was served up in various ways. The best dish was lobscouse, with the junk chopped up with potatoes of a sort, weevilly biscuits and gravy.

From four to eight are what are called "dog-watches," short watches to divide the time, so as to prevent the same watch always being on duty at the same hour, day and night.

During the second dog-watch we could amuse ourselves as we liked, and often got up rat-hunts, pursuing the creatures whenever we started any with belaying-pins, handspikes and anything we could lay hands on. Then we would trawl overboard for bonito or play deck-quoits and deck-bowls, draughts and other games.

M. E. SILVESTER.

PRIGS.

SOME HARD SLAPS.

Without wishing in any way to sneer at those who have been, or are being, educated at ratepayers' expense, it does seem to me that the tendency of Board School education, admirable though it may be in some aspects, is to turn out a race of insufferable young prigs.

What is a prig? According to my dictionary he is "a pert fellow who gives himself airs of superior wisdom," and the description appears to me admirably to fit a great many ex-Board School boys. I daresay the Board School boy gets a better and more useful academic education than the public school boy, but he does not get the latter's moral training.

His person is almost sacred; the master who gives him a well-deserved thrashing does so at the peril of a police court summons, and while I don't say that Board School boys never fight, I think it is fair to say that they do not get that discipline from and among their comrades that the public schoolboy does.

Further, whereas the aim, or certainly the result, of a public school education is mainly to form and develop character, the aim of the Board School system is mainly to teach book-learning. I do not say there is no moral teaching in Board Schools, but the masters have not the same opportunities of forming the character of their pupils as their colleagues in other establishments, while, as I have hinted, the republican, rough-and-tumble, find-your-level atmosphere of the public school is absent from the State-aided seminary.

I daresay you have met him, and longed to kick him. He is so very, very cocky, and so superior not only in his wisdom, but in being above the ordinary frailties of healthy young mankind.

He never toys with Amaryllis in the shade, or wears vine leaves in his hair.

He gloats over books of the "Do Him Now" type, and battens on such priggish maxims as "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," "Heaven helps those who help themselves," and so on.

Young prigs, however, are by no means confined to the Board Schools. You find them in considerable numbers at Oxford and Cambridge, the foundations of their priggishness having been laid at some small private school, or at the home, which, being a "mother's darling"—the prig often is—he has never left.

It was a University prig who provoked Jowett's famous remark: "Even the youngest of us is not infallible."

The prig, however, is convinced of his infallibility. In his opinion, it is impossible for him to be wrong, and when challenged he simply smiles with an insufferable air of superior wisdom, and contentedly goes on asserting and believing that black is white, and that two and two make five.

Then he generally despises sport and athletics. Cricket and football according to him are all right only for schoolboys; the man who loves field sports is a bucolic boor.

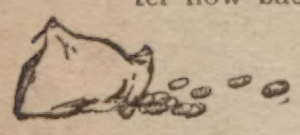
He never takes part in "rags," except as the not infrequent subject of them, he is never "chucked" from the Empire, and his wildest dissipation is afternoon tea with a blue-stocking or a concert at Queen's Hall.

More usually, however, he remains a prig. A full grown prig is a monstrosity. You know him by his intolerable self-righteousness, his clam-like adherence to "bloodless principles," his generally effeminate tastes and manners.

He never lives; he vegetates. He prides himself on never overlooking a fault. If he has a family—and sometimes the beast does get married—his children shrink from him, even hate him. They take their troubles elsewhere, for they know that they would look in vain to him for sympathy, humanity, understanding.

Whether a coward or a prig is the lower in the scale of man I am not sure, but I have no doubt that the latter is the more objectionable.

OLIVER STOKES.



Middle Distance Running

A SPORT FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

The cross country season usually expires about the second week in March, and the flat racing commences on Good Friday. No doubt it is the inclement weather generally met with in the months of March and April, which brings 90 per cent. of our runners to the track in a half trained condition.

There is certainly a rich harvest of prizes to be gathered at the commencement of the season by runners who are brave enough to take their training in the cold March winds and April showers.

Reports show that there are more double events won at the commencement of the season than at any other time, and one runner won the mile race three years in succession at a classic meeting like the Salford Harriers'. The following year he ran second in the half-mile and third in the mile.

THE QUARTER.

I am quite aware that these men will probably want a rest before the season is over, but three weeks is usually sufficient, and you can afford to take a rest in the middle of the season, if you have won your share of prizes beforehand.

As I have not up to the present competed in sprint races, I do not intend to deal with this question, but will confine my remarks to middle distance running.

I will first take the quarter-mile, which is generally supposed to be the hardest of all races. The competitors in this race are composed of two entirely different parties, sprinters and half-milers, the one is deficient in stamina, whilst the other lacks speed.

For the sprinter it is always best to train slightly over the distance, to get the stamina needed. The best way to train is by running 600 yds. fairly fast about twice a week, and on the intermediate days practise starting and run anything from 100 to 300 yards.

The distance runner should confine himself to light work for about three weeks, say 150 to 200 yds., and he should run the full quarter only about once a week.

THE NEED FOR TRAINING.

A careful training is always necessary for this race, for it is always run off in heats and then final.

The best plan for a quarter-miler is to get off his mark at top speed, and run 140 yds., settle himself in the next 120 yds. by easing slightly, and finish the remaining distance with all the speed he is capable of.

This style is nice for runners on a big mark. If you are a back marker you should run your race so that you get up when the field has gone out, for if you catch your men too early you will probably get hemmed in, and you will have expended your energy uselessly.

For the distance runner who seeks to win quarters there is only one course open and that is to go hard from start to finish.

We next come to the half-mile, which is harder than the quarter, for you have to go for it and are worth the first quarter, and struggle through the second as best you can. A quarter finds the pace too hot to be comfortable. I think a runner cannot do better than follow the training given for quarter-running, providing, of course, he increases the distances in proportion.

The best way for the average man to run the half-mile is to sprint off the mark, and then settle down into his natural stride until the last 200 yds. Here increase your stride, and try to sprint the last few yards.

Don't get on the inside of the track if there are a lot of runners near you, or you will find yourself pushed off the track or penned in, so that you cannot get out any way. It is always better to run round a man and lose a yard, than to lose ten by being hemmed in, or worse still getting spiked.

It is also always well to remember that on the ordinary track (which is ¼-mile in circumference) the extreme outside is about 16 yds. farther round than the inside, so you should not attempt to pass anyone when going round a bend, unless it is absolutely necessary.

THE MILE.

Training for the mile race requires careful consideration, for it is quite common nowadays to see a mile handicap run in about 4 min. 20 sec. on a good track, and only a miler knows what this means. The man who has been running across country regularly in the winter months will do well to take a fortnight's rest, and then commence training by running 600 yds. to half-a-mile three times a week for about three weeks. He should only run the mile about twice during that period.

The man who has done no running at all during the winter should take some long steady runs before he starts fast work—say 1½ miles, about three times a week for two weeks—and then follow the methods of the first man, providing he feels he can stay the distance without distress.

In running the mile, get off your mark quickly, and settle into your stride until the bell rings for the last lap, then lengthen your stride, and gradually increase your speed, until the tape is broken.

WHEN MOST DROP OUT.

You will find the most trying part of a foot race to be the second lap, and here most men drop out; don't give in, give that part of the race special attention, and make up your mind to stick it.

Always beware of the methods of the man who wants to make himself prominent by leading the field for the first two laps, and then drops out. If you learn to judge your own pace, you will have nothing to fear from this man, but if you follow him you court disaster.

It is seldom that we find a race exceeding three miles on a sports programme, and even these races are best left to the runners who make a speciality of these races, for a runner may be able to run the half-mile and mile fairly well, but very few can train for a three-mile race, and hope to run well at other distances at the same time.

A. R. Webley.

DETECTIVE OF SHAMS.

There was a sympathetic crowd gathered round a man who lay prostrate in a London street, apparently suffering from an epileptic fit.

Kind old ladies began to examine their purses for pence, for he was obviously of the beggar class.

Presently a policeman came up.

Pushing his way to the sufferer, he took his hand in his own with great tenderness.

Then there was seen an instant cure. The epileptic jumped to his feet with a yell of agony, dashed through the ring of amazed spectators, and made for a side street.

"I thought that would cure him," remarked the policeman to the writer, when the people had dispersed. "You see in a genuine case of epilepsy the victim is absolutely insensible to pain. So I apply my little test by running my thumb-nail under his thumb-nail. If he had a fit he wouldn't feel it, but, as he was only shamming to get money, it gave him gyp!"

HUMBLE DOCTORS

AND THEIR UTILITY TO THE AVERAGE MAN.

The number of doctors who will give you sound advice and honest medicine for a remarkably small sum, is rapidly increasing, and I for one do not regret the fact.

Those of us who practise in wealthy neighbourhoods are, I consider, entitled to substantial fees. A doctor has to spend many years of financially unprofitable work in preparing himself, and it is but right that he should reap a substantial reward. Yet there are many, who, owing to the competition in this profession as in all others, are glad to build up a practice and earn a modest living by charging a minimum fee for their services.

I harbour no grudge against them. They are, you might say, undercutting ordinary doctors in the matter of price, but they are not robbing other practitioners of their clients. Those who can afford to patronise the average doctor are not drawn away from him by the so-called "sixpenny" medical man. His clients are almost exclusively those who cannot afford the usual fees, and who, but for the low-charging doctor, would place themselves under the alleged medical guidance of a quack.

In saving the working classes from the horrors—I use the word deliberately—of quackery, the sixpenny doctor is rendering yeoman service to the race, but he has a further utility which so far has not been fully realised by the average man.

Most men have a fear of doctors, not a personal fear but a misgiving lest the medical man shall discover some hidden malady lurking within their anatomy. The fear is in the vast majority of cases without foundation in fact. The average man is a pretty healthy animal, and he need not dread the doctor's finding the beginnings of consumption or heart disease in him.

It is this fear, however, which keeps many a man from visiting his doctor when he ought to do so.

He has a bad cold, let us say, and, instead of consulting a medical man and having it cured at once, he tries to doctor himself. Possibly nature and luck see him through and his cold goes off, but sometimes it develops into something worse. His fear of the doctor may have knocked ten years off his life.

If you will grant me that this fear is foolish and unjustified, I shall pass to my second point. It is this.

When I was a youngster I couldn't afford three-and-sixpence or five shillings for a visit to the doctor, and I believe that there must be many similarly situated who will read these lines.

To them I say: patronise the sixpenny doctor. He is not necessarily the workman's doctor; he is the medical adviser of all whose means are limited.

I hold that every man should be overhauled by a doctor at least once in the three months, and the sixpenny doctor is as well qualified to do the job as any other practitioner.

Particularly would I urge the sportsman to submit himself to such a quarterly examination. The doctor may show you an incipient danger attaching to your pastime, and generally he will be able to devise some way by which it may be overcome without your giving up your sport, for I hope and believe that most doctors are sportsmen themselves.

Even if you are in perfect health, visit your doctor occasionally. If he finds you sound, his assurance is worth more to you than his charge; if he doesn't, you will be pulled up in time.

Patronise your family practitioner by all means if you can afford it, but if you can't, go to a sixpenny doctor.

You must admit that doctors know a bit more about your body than you do yourself. Why, then, should you not have yourself overhauled by them more often than you do?

You wouldn't try to repair your watch; why should you try to repair yourself?

E. L. Robertson, M.B., Ch.M.

Where Men Forecather.

III. THE HORSE MARKET.

It is an oblong building, rather like a church. And, while the odour of the horse-market is not precisely the odour of sanctity, there are other circumstances which lend to it a faintly cathedralesque air.

The auctioneer's rostrum in the corner might well be a pulpit, and he himself suggests the churchwarden far more than the dealer in horseflesh.

Indeed, he seems to take particular pains not to look horsey. He is dressed in sober black, wears a white tie of the style affected by dissenting ministers, and with his austere, impassive face, clean-shaven save for short strips of decorous, old-fashioned side-whisker, one would not be surprised if he were presently to intone a psalm or deliver a homily on the wickedness of the Turf.

There is, too, a certain almost inhuman coldness and detachment about him. Many little comedies and tragedies are played out before his steely unblinking eyes. He sees the fool in the clutches of the knave; he sees Greek meet Greek; he sees the spendthrift look on with despairing gaze as his horses, love for which was one redeeming feature of his unstable character, are knocked down to careless strangers.

"ROOM, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE."

Laughter and tears, roguery and remorse, hope and despair, human nature in almost all its phases and oddities he looks down upon unmoved. High bid or low, good business or bad, splendid hunter or sorry hack before him, leave him seemingly indifferent. He has all the impassivity of a croupier at Monte Carlo.

But come, enough of him, interesting character study though he be; it is high noon, and the horse market is filled with all sorts and conditions of men.

Some line the gallery which partially encloses the market; others prefer the floor, lining back as a groom runs up a horse, crying, "Room, gentlemen, please!" Then closing round the rostrum, to break away again as once more to the warning tune of "Room, gentlemen, please!" the animal is led away.

Or they stand about in individual groups, for you may buy privately at the horse market, and many a deal is thus put through.

Mark these two there. The one is a typical horse-dealer of the baser sort, shifty-eyed, every mean feature bespeaking low cunning, half-defiant, half-cringing of air. The other is an open, one might say moon-faced, young country man, bucolic all over from his crazy quilt of a tie to his unfashionably cut gaiters. Surely, you would say, there never was a clearer case of hawk and pigeon.

THE BITER BIT.

The grooms wink at each other, and the tall, well-dressed man, who is said to be the finest judge of horseflesh in England, casts a pitying glance at the lad as he passes by.

"Fifty pounds, and it's only because I've taken a kind of fancy to you, me lad, that I'm letting him go dirt cheap," says the dealer, indicating a carefully doctored screw—the chaffering has been going on for some time, and now it seems that the fish is fairly landed.

Hodge grins, his usual state, and then says innocently: "And what be that there swelling on the near pastern, master?"

"Swelling?" says the dealer more in sorrow than in anger. "My dear sir, that's not a swelling; that's muscle, good, clean, sound muscle."

Hodge sniggers: "Muscle, is it?" he says sheepishly. "If I didn't know you was doing this out of kindness, I'd say it was ringbone." Then with a sudden change of manner he adds: "Good mornin', master. I'm not buyin' to-day," and walks off, leaving the dealer to give a very passable imitation of Mephistopheles in a fit.

Over there is a disconsolate youth. The horse which he had hoped would fetch a good price has gone literally for a song, and he is sorely puzzled. Usually a free-goer, his property has seemed absolutely lifeless when run up for inspection. The groom had apparently to drag it along and he is perplexed. The explanation is quite simple; he had omitted to tip the groom.

Harpies these grooms; scum of the horsey world, but if you are a seller it is advisable to fee them well, for they have many little ways of making a horse look half its worth if they want to.

A ROMANY CHARACTER.

You have made a purchase; a swarthy youth sidles up to you. "Ride your horse home for you, sir?" he says. Well, it is not a bad idea; it will save you some trouble. You make inquiries and learn he is to be trusted. He is well-known to the regulars of the horse market.

A bit of a queer fish, this fellow; a Gipsy by birth and nature, with all a Gipsy's ineradicable love of horseflesh. Many a gentleman would be glad to take him into his employment as groom, for what the Gipsy does not know about horses is not worth knowing; but regular work is not for his type.

Ordinarily he camps out Isleworth way, but the horse market draws him regularly to town, as it draws others of high and low degree. Nobleman and coster, army officer and stable hanger-on, millionaire and pauper, gentleman and rogue, knave and "fly flat," all rub shoulders together in the horse market.

And the ladies are present, too. That stout, imperious dame is the celebrated Countess of ——, a pillar of the Turf. That slender, fragile-looking woman over there is said to be the most daring horsewoman in the Shires.

There is a sudden stir. Lot No. 54, the famous hunter Druid, is led out. "Room, gentlemen, please!" room for a great horse.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

Many a man (and woman), present recalls Druid's erstwhile owner, the dashing young Guardsman, who went up like a rocket and came down like a stick.

The death of Druid's latest owner has brought all his horses, including the famous hunter, to the horse market.

A seedy, shambling figure steps from the crowd and pats Drúid on his splendid neck. The horse seems to recognise him, and muzzles his hand. The seedy individual turns away, and cannons into a distinguished looking man.

"My God," says the latter, "it's—it's not Carstairs!"

The derelict makes to bolt, but the other restrains him and draws him into a quiet corner.

If we could overhear we should catch something like this:

"Let me go—can't you see what I am?—saw the old horse was up—couldn't resist——"

"Man alive—don't you know the lawyers are hunting for you everywhere—your aunt—dead—left you everything—hold up, old chap—buy Druid for you—why, ten times over—here, come along!"

Ten minutes later, a cheek is laid against Druid's, and a few salt tears trickle down his muzzle.

But the old hunter doesn't mind. He knows.

PETER GILCHRIST.

SWANK.

A DEFINITION.

Swank is something more than sw— something less than fraud.

The man who swaggers may have someth— to swagger about—his regiment, his horses, his achievements of one kind or another; the swanker tries to make you believe in some- thing that does not exist.

Sometimes the swanker comes perilously near actual fraud in his methods, but as a rule he contrives to steer clear of actual collision with the law.

To borrow a poker simile, he is a bl— striving to impress you with the conviction t— he holds four aces, whereas in truth he has a "busted flush." Bluffing is allowed at poker, and so it is in more serious games.

The theatrical manager who sticks out notices of "House Full," "Standing Room Only" when there are plenty of seats left, is swanking, but I do not know that he is guilty of fraud.

The swanker assumes an air of fictitious prosperity in order to get credit in one form or another, but as he rarely commits himself to a definite statement, or misstatement for the direct purpose of swindling you, his methods, de— though they may be, rarely come under the— ing of "obtaining money by false pretences."

He keeps the letter of the law, bec— has no intention of breaking the spirit of it.

Poor old swanker, sometimes he is to be h— even to be admired. Often he puts a brave— on a bad business, and keeps a stiff upp— where a more strictly honest man would c— up the sponge.

He is full of resource, and keeps up ap— ances under difficulties.

"Sorry I have nothing under a £5 note on me," he will say when asked for a copper by a beggar in a saloon bar. Good old £5 note, we all know it, though none of us has seen it.

The swanker generally has an exuberant imagination. He does not lie, as some men do, from base motives, to secure some direct and sordid advantage, but, as the Yankees say, he handles the truth carelessly, often simply to gratify a curious vanity, and without the slightest intention of doing you or anyone any harm, or of profiting by a penny piece.

I know such an one. Recently I met him, inquired after a mutual acquaintance, whom I had not seen for a long time. "What," he exclaimed, "haven't you heard? He's going to be married next week."

"Married!" I gasped, for the individual in question is over eighty years of age, and a life-long bachelor.

"Yes," he went on, "to a charming young widow with £14,000 a year of her own. I'm managing everything for him, and I'll send you an invitation to-night. It is to be at St. George's, Hanover Square. £14,000 a year of her own, a lovely place in the country, and as pretty as they make 'em."

I passed on marvelling, and the same night wrote to my old friend congratulating him on his good fortune. I got back a reply, mainly unprintable, demanding to know what I meant by trying to be funny. There was not a word of truth in the story from beginning to end.

Why had my swanking acquaintance pitched me this fairy tale? He must have known that it would be found out, but he could not resist the temptation of posing as the bearer of startling news, or figuring as the master of ceremonies.

Sooner or later your swanker is found out. People perceive that although the tops of his boots are patent leather, the soles let in water. They see that while he talks in millions he is hard up for shillings. They demand a sign of something tangible, and that for the time being at all events is the end of the swanker.

Poor devil, though, I have a sneaking kindness for him. Impostor though he may be, he often carries off an aching heart, an empty belly with a brave and smiling face. And he is excellent company—for a time.

H. B. Kirk.

The Farmer's Evening Hour

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.—Gray.

The last furrow is turned. Already there is a fading of the landscape and a mistiness about the long grey fields as the farmer follows his team into the yard.

On the way up from the distant fields more than once he has lifted his eyes wistfully towards the shining spot that showed him where all he held most dear were gathered, in anticipation of his return.

It is the centre of his aims to keep that happy circle free from care, and he manages to do it, for he is strong.

Six years of married life have brought him two children, as well as his handy wife, to provide for—but no regrets.

The blood runs clean and strong through his frame, but even seasoned muscles such as his have felt the strain of this day's work, and he looks forward to a stunning tea and a peaceful hour or two before he follows, candle in hand, to the upper regions of the house in search of rest.

INDOOR COMFORT.

Only when the last horse is fed and warmly bedded and the cattle safely stalled within the byre; only when the contented munching of the stock and the occasional rattle of the watch-dog's chain alone break the first silence of night does he turn towards the house.

Throwing wide the door, his well-knit figure is cast into high relief by the light of the lamp that throws its beam of brightness into the darkness of the yard.

He passes in, and, closing the door behind him, stands for a moment revelling in the genial warmth and the generous odours that fill the house.

Even the faint smell of paraffin from the poorly lighted lamp does not offend him, for this too carries with it a suggestion of the cosiness and comfort of the inner room.

Soon, stripped to the waist, he is preparing to banish the dirt of the day. As his mighty hands lash the water over half his frame, he looks the picture of manly health.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Unknown to him, his wife pauses in her preparation of his food, and watches in silent admiration of the athletic giant with whom she has thrown in her lot, and then passes on her way with a sense of infinite contentment in her heart and a cheerful tune upon her lips—the last notes of the lullaby with which her second-born has only now been sent to dreamland.

With mock severity she warns her unheeding boy of the pains and penalties that follow on [illegible] with "Daddy's" compared with "Daddy," with as keen an for a sturdy four-year-old boy as for a Berkshire sow, makes light of his work-weariness and takes the chubby ball upon his arm.

And when the tour of the pictures has been concluded and a thousand questions answered and a thousand more unheeded, the farmer and his wife enjoy the sweetest hours of all the twenty-four.

The fire burns brightly, the pipe draws well, the local brewery has sent along a better barrel than ever, and while the farmer reads aloud the gossip and the doings of their countryside from the local newspaper, his wife repairs the ravages of the day in the nether garments of their "treasure."

No inclination to seek change and excitement out of doors disturbs this household, wherein the day begins at cock-crow and the night at sunset.

A delicious sense of ease steals over the farmer's tired-out body, and his mind relaxes its grip upon worldly affairs.

The newspaper falls jerkily to his side; his head nods forward, and the glowing grate sheds its ruddy light upon his clear-cut weather-tanned features.

The old grandfather clock ticks leisurely behind the door, and suddenly bursts into excitement as it jingles out ten o'clock. The farmer starts, shakes ashes from his pipe, and ten minutes later the house seems to hum like a sleeping spinning-top, and the lower rooms are given up to the spirits of the trees that still survive in the old oak furniture that whispers mysteriously in monosyllabic creaks throughout the silent hours.

C. Easton-Grey.

THE PIRATE 'BUS.

The two men in charge of a pirate 'bus have a supreme contempt for time-tables, for in their case there is no watchful spy to report unpunctuality. Therefore they travel slowly, in spite of all protests from impatient passengers.

They are exactly like other 'buses to look at, and you jump aboard unknowingly. Your fare is immediately collected, and it is only when you observe that the 'bus is stopping for five minutes at each street corner that you realise the dire fact that you are on a pirate.

If you don't like waiting (and you would generally arrive quicker by walking than by journeying on a 'bus of this kind), your only remedy is to get off. These 'busmen care nothing for the passengers they have secured, beyond gathering their fares, their chief desire being to catch as many victims as possible.

The driver and conductor are, of course, licensed men; their vehicle is licensed also. There is nothing illegal about their doings, as their title would imply. They merely rob the regular 'buses of their usual passengers, and the latter of their time—nothing against the law, but an unmitigated nuisance to both parties.

The two conspirators pay 10s. for the day's hire of 'bus and horses, 1s. 6d. in yard money, and 2s. 6d. for a change of horses if they are working till late. Their total expense is therefore 14s. and, as they generally gather fares to the amount of £1 15s., they have 10s. 6d. each in daily profit, a figure which easily beats the wages of the average legitimate 'busman.

When summer comes round, the pirate 'busmen will hie them to a seaside resort to compete with the local 'buses. Free-lances of the roads, they are almost equally unwelcome wherever they go.

SOUSA'S COMPANY.

Sousa, the famous conductor, is one of the most modest men breathing; he is also the possessor of a pretty wit.

Some little time ago he received an invitation from a lady with whom he was only slightly acquainted. It ran: "Mrs. Blank requests the pleasure of your company to dinner on Tuesday."

So far so good. But it came to Sousa's ears that the lady had issued a number of other invitations at the same time "to meet Mr. John Philip Sousa," and it struck him that she might at least have waited to see whether it would be convenient for him to come. So he took his revenge. Next day the lady received this note:

"Mr. Sousa has given Mrs. Blank's kind message to his company but he is extremely sorry that only fifty of them will be able to dine with her on Tuesday, as the others have made appointments elsewhere."

A MAN'S APPEARANCE,

SMARTNESS FREE OF COST.

To wear fashionable clothes costs a tidy sum in the course of a twelvemonth, and the man who can afford to spend the needful is lucky and perfectly justified in doing so; but there are many points where a man can add to his smartness without incurring expense at all.

First, the hands. None of us wants to have hands like a woman or a fiddler, but that is no reason why we should neglect our finger nails.

They ought to be cut reasonably often, and it should be done with a pair of scissors. The man who bites his nails or tries to pare them with a knife botches the business and gets a horrible ragged edge to them.

Also they should be cleaned whenever there is the least suspicion of black beneath them, and the cuticle at the base of the nails should be pressed back when it is soft after a washing in hot water.

The hair on the face should get full attention. A moustache that is allowed to grow anyhow is an ugly, soup-filtering, microbe-catching abomination, and there ought to be a law that people who wear moustaches of this kind should have them forcibly cut off by the first policeman they meet.

A little attention, a little combing, an occasional dressing with a thin paste of soap and water will make the moustache stand out trimly.

For those who shave clean let me advocate very clean shaving. A man who shows a suspicion of stubble on his cheeks is voluntarily spoiling his appearance. He may excuse himself on the plea that his razor will not cut closely, but he ought to take the trouble to sharpen it up properly or else to send it to the barber to be ground.

Little things count for nearly everything in the way of a man's appearance. Often and often I meet men who are wearing black boots with shining brass hooks on them. They will tell you that the original black enamel has been rubbed off the hooks by the friction of the laces and the trouser bottoms. It may be so, but why don't they have it replaced?

A threepenny tin of black metal paint will always come in handy for rubbed parts on your bicycle and you can spare a touch of it for the hooks of your boots.

Brass hooks look all right on brown boots, but on black they spoil the whole appearance of the foot.

If you want to appear "dressy" wear gloves. It doesn't matter much what colour or age they are provided they are not too noticeable; naturally they must have no holes in them.

A gloved hand, especially if the owner of that hand is wearing an overcoat, seems much better "furnished," to use a horsey expression, than a naked fist.

The carriage, too, counts for a lot.

I have seen a man with a smart, soldierly style about him, looking well-dressed in a suit that was actually shabby when you came to examine it closely.

I don't mean that a man should walk as if he had swallowed a poker, but he should carry himself as if he had self-respect. If he doesn't think he is worth something, nobody else will.

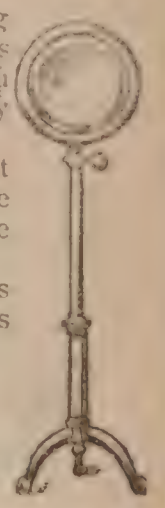
See that your collars are clean. A fresh one every day is not an extravagance, and it makes all the difference both to the look of your suit and your face. The collar is, or ought to be, a sort of picture-frame.

Another small but telling item is the creasing of your trousers. You can't beat a trousers press for doing the thing quickly and well, but you can nearly equal it by putting them—properly folded—beneath your mattress.

It will make the crease much more distinct and lasting if you damp the trouser legs a little with a wet towel before you submit them to the pressure.

The trousers crease, get it how you like, is worth cultivating. It gives a look of neatness to the shabbiest suit.

A. Macpherson.



Paid

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Wilf Darent disliked the woman on sight. She was very fat, very wealthy and equally gushing. Moreover, she wore more diamonds, and less evening bodice than he considered decent, and the gilt hair topping the florid face was a palpable fraud. He was poor himself, and it was exasperating to see enough value upon one of her fingers to set his printing business on its feet. Nevertheless, he bowed and shook hands as became the mannerly guest to his hostess.

Mrs. Jonadab Grant was the widow of a money-lender, who had left her a fortune of ninety thousand pounds, and report had it that in resigning from her earthly company Mr. Jonadab had made another satisfactory bargain. She was childless, but she found solace by giving bridge and other parties thrice a week.

Certainly her cook was excellent and the wines beyond praise, so it was no matter for wonder that the male element, of a kind, was seldom absent from her gatherings.

This was, however, Darent's first visit and it was due to Phipps, the spendthrift son of an indulgent father, that he was there.

"You must come, as you say you've nothing to do," Phipps had said over the telephone. "It's Liberty Hall, you know, and always means a regular spree. She's a coquettish old sport, and always welcomes the virtuous juvenile. Tonight it's a bachelor's party. A bachelor's party given by a woman!"

Darent, who had a rather uncommon respect for women, was not greatly impressed by the prospect of a bachelor's party given by a woman, but it promised to be a blank evening otherwise, so he went home to dress.

Mrs. Grant was descending the broad staircase as Phipps and himself were shown in by a servant, and, after Darent's introduction, she waddled before them into a richly-furnished room.

Fully a dozen men of varying ages were already there, and the room was dim with smoke. They rose and greeted their hostess with boisterous familiarity, and Darent was not a little surprised to notice that their language was of a character that is usually taboo in the presence of a woman.

But Mrs. Grant seemed not to mind. Indeed, as the evening progressed he had forcible evidence of her command over the superfluous expletive, and his dislike for her gave way to pronounced contempt.

"Now, you shall be my partner, Mr. Darent," she gushed, with a smile that revealed a molar gold-mine.

She proved an execrable player, and before long Darent was over four sovereigns to the bad, and was heartily cursing his folly in coming.

But where her intelligence dwindled, her coquetry made ample amends. She spread apologetic fingers with pinked ends, smiled archly, and on one occasion leant forward and gave one of Darent's hands a gentle, encouraging squeeze.

By supper time he was at boiling point, but ere that function was concluded, something happened which completely restored his good-humour.

Mrs. Grant sat at the head of a long table with a face that shone, red as the sun seen through smoke, upon her cook's admirers. Then radiance vanished momentarily as she shivered, scowled at one of the servants, and ordered her to draw the curtains over the French windows behind her. Darent observed the incident idly, and as idly wondered what was the purpose of the silver casket which was placed on the table at Mrs. Grant's right hand.

Presently Mrs. Grant dismissed the servants from the room and struck a bell. After a time comparative silence reigned.

"Now, Mr. Cohen," she said to the man nearest to her, "you begin."

Mr. Cohen stood up, cleared his throat, and delivered a story which for impropriety deserved to break all records.

With a sudden access of rage Darent rose, impelled more by the unctuous gratification on Mrs. Grant's face than the story itself, but Phipps pulled him back into his seat.

"Wait a bit," he said, "it isn't your turn." Darent could have slain him for the misunderstanding.

"Chestnut!" came in a chorus, accompanied by the banging of glasses and cutlery. Mr. Cohen grinned and pushed over five shillings which Mrs. Grant threw into the silver casket.

All down the table the proceeding was repeated and only one man was exempt from the fine, until it came to the turn of Darent.

He rose instantly, with a stern face.

"Might I first ask, Mrs. Grant," he said in cutting accents, "what becomes of all that money?"

She looked densely at him, as if unable to comprehend his ignorance. She was equally oblivious to his manner. Mr. Cohen repeated the question to her with explanations.

"Oh, yes, certainly!" She beamed. "It is taken care of by me and added to other little collections until it reaches a hundred pounds." Creasing forward she peered into the casket. "It is nearly that amount now."

"And then?"

"Then we have a competition for it."

"What sort of competition?" Darent persisted.

There was more vagueness on Mrs. Grant's part, and some amount of embarrassment shown by the men, but Darent ultimately gathered that it was something in the nature of a photographic competition, whereby the introducer of the most unique picture was allotted the whole of the money.

For a moment he had an impulse to smash up everything within reach; then an inspiration came to him, and involuntarily he laughed.

Before he left the house the bolts of the French window were drawn, the patent catch turned back, and nobody was the wiser.

* * * * * * *

Somewhere in the small hours of that night Mrs. Grant paused in her snore for a moment and elevated somnolent lids. She was sure it was a flash of lightning, and a peculiar one at that, for it seemed to have been sustained for a second or more. However, her anticipations of thunder were pleasurably disappointed—for she had a fear of the artillery of heaven—and after a grunt she went to sleep again.

The following afternoon Wilf Darent called to take tea with the lady. By good fortune he found her alone, and that she was convinced of having made a conquest was evident, for she exuded affability at every pore.

Darent allowed her to have a thoroughly good time, until her elephantine archness became oppressive, and then he prepared to discharge his bolt.

"Mrs. Grant," he said. "I was very much interested last night in your original methods of entertaining your friends."

"Were you? That's right!" she said placidly.

It may be as well to mention that Mrs. Grant at the tea-table was a person of manners. It was only in the evenings that she relaxed her rigid deportment.

"You know," he said, "I was so pleased to have the privilege of being initiated into your select circle——"

He paused for her gratified smile, and paused another moment to wonder whether she had ever seen herself in the mirror when she looked like that.

"Oh, you must come again," she gushed, "when we have the competition. It is fixed for next Thursday."

"And who is the judge?"

"Well, I am, generally; but"—with a burst of generosity—"you shall be this time, if you like."

"Now that is good of you," said Darent. "I was hoping that you would allow me to take some part in it. You see, it would be hardly fair for me to take a share in the profit—such a new-comer, you know."

"But you shall," insisted Mrs. Grant generously. "We are not concerned about the money; it's the sport of the thing!"

Darent felt in his pocket and brought out a photograph.

"I have something here that might stand a chance. I wonder if it would be transgressing your rules if I asked your opinion on it first."

"Not at all," she said. "Let me see it."

But he playfully withheld it from her eager fingers.

"It's one taken by myself," he said, "and I have the negative at home."

Mrs. Grant's expression congratulated him upon the achievement. Then he passed it to her. Her look of inquisitiveness changed slowly into astonishment, and then became pondering dismay. She stuttered and went from red to purple.

"Good likeness, don't you think?" said Darent. "I think the baldness has come out excellently."

With blind fury she tore the photograph across, and then began to vituperate him with Billingsgate ability.

"I have the negative, you know," he repeated with a cold smile. She gave him another look, for he remained imperturbable.

"What are you going to do?" she asked at length.

"I haven't quite decided yet. Put it in the local weekly, I think, with an explanatory article."

"No, no," she said, terrified. "Anything but that!"

Darent sat up, sick of it, and rather disgusted with himself.

"Mrs. Grant," he said. "I make myself free of no one when their behaviour is within the limits of decency. But the sort of thing that happened last night I determined then and there to stop. For that reason I broke into your house during the night and took a photograph of you while asleep, with the aid of some magnesium ribbon."

"I'll have you arrested for burglary," she cried out.

"And the plunder would be produced as evidence," he retorted. "No; you've seen the result of my efforts, and a very satisfactory result it is, as I said before. Now, Mrs. Grant, you will forward that hundred pounds in your possession, together with another hundred of your own, to the Slowcombe Orphanage, which exists for the purpose of educating clean young Englishmen and turning them out a credit to themselves and the nation. That will be in some measure a fitting atonement. Every anniversary of this day you will repeat the philanthropy. Further, you will drop that kind of entertainment for good and all, you understand; likewise the acquaintance of the men who contributed to it. If you don't—" he paused—"if you fail in any one particular, I'll have you hounded out of decent society here, there, and anywhere else in the country. Good afternoon!"

We invite Lord Northcliffe, Lord Burnham, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Mr. George Cadbury and other newspaper proprietors to justify their conduct.

Challenge to Lord Northcliffe

No profession is fonder of singing its own praises than the journalistic one, and that is not even excepting what actors, with characteristic modesty, are pleased to call *the* profession.

At Press conferences, and other functions where the toast of "The Press" is proposed, orators eulogise our newspapers, dwelling on their independence, purity of motive, loftiness of ideal, painting them in glowing colours as educators of public opinion, and, above all, as guardians of the public's morals.

It is to be presumed that these speakers wax eloquent tongue in cheek, for it is incredible that anyone not mentally afflicted should be blind to the utter degradation of the majority of our daily newspapers.

For weeks past almost every newspaper in the Kingdom has been devoting columns and columns to the Stirling divorce suits.

The *Liverpool Courier*, which from the first refused to publish any report of the case, has been an honourable exception, and possibly there have been others, but as a whole the newspaper press—by no means for the first time—has openly and shamelessly pandered in its reports of the Stirling case to the obscene tastes of the dirty minded.

NEWSPAPER EXCUSES.

On what grounds is the reporting of divorce cases at all to be justified?

It may be said that where people have been guilty of immoral conduct it is in the public interest that they should be exposed.

Granted, but surely the mere record of the fact that So-and-so has been divorced on such and such grounds is all the publicity that is necessary for the protection of society from the wrong-doer.

It is right that a man or a woman should be publicly stigmatised as an unfaithful husband or wife or as a lecherous co-respondent, and in some cases it is perhaps desirable that details should be given. Where there has been treachery or cruelty of a particularly bad kind it certainly should be known, but that is a very different matter from the dirt-raking up of garbage collection, collation, and delivery of garbage.

SHOULD THE PUBLIC JUDGE?

It may be said that it is in the interests of justice that the public should have an opportunity of weighing their guilt or innocence.

Stuff and nonsense.

I doubt if reports of trials were printed in full, would be most unwise to attempt to form any opinion from them, for the simple reason that the witness's demeanour may make all the difference to the worth of his evidence.

As it is, reports of divorce cases are garbled accounts in which what is relevant but dull is suppressed, what irrelevant but "spicy" is brought forward. Such reports are in every way unfair to the parties concerned.

I daresay if one could catch a newspaper proprietor and force him to answer, he would say that he publishes divorce reports because there is a demand for them, and he would mutter something about business being business.

Quite so, my dear sir, quite so; now we are trying to get at the truth, stranger though it may seem, are to it.

READERS OF SUCH REPORTS.

Who, however, is it who demand this sort of literature"? Dirty-minded people, of course, is the answer. Oh, most honourable professors of culture for the prurient!

I cannot believe that the average man wants divorce cases. If I read them it is out of idle curiosity or because there is nothing else in the paper to read, but I do not bore me.

On the contrary, the more sensational, the more disgusting the case is, the more profoundly bores me. I am not putting it on any moral ground; I simply say that obscenity bores me, and I say that in that respect I represent the average man.

I can enjoy a naughty French novel with anyone, because there is wit, humour, observation, art in it, and the naughtiness is incidental to the story. But the divorce report, what does it give us? Just smut, and detailed descriptions of matters that the average man already knows all about.

The newspaper invites us almost literally to stand by the bedside of the adulterer and his paramour—I had rather be excused, and so would every decent-minded man, though he need not by any means be a saint.

No nice woman wants to read such stuff, and the other sort don't matter.

Newspaper proprietors say there is a demand for "sensational" divorce reports. From whom? I say mainly from smutty-minded youths and young women.

POISONING INNOCENT MINDS.

Divorce reports still further debauch the minds of such wasters, and they do far worse: they debauch the minds of innocent youths and maidens.

I remember once having a talk with the Rev. A. J. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton Parish Church, who is well known as *the* champion of Christianity against the atheists of the public parks.

Speaking of these men, he said that people did not realise the immense amount of evil they did. It was quite true, he said, that grown men and women would take little or no harm from listening to the blasphemous filth poured out by these brutes; they would shrug their shoulders and pass on. What, however, about the children who on their way to or from Sunday school, or out in the parks just for pleasure, have in all innocence gathered round these ranting ruffians?

PATRIOTISM TO ORDER.

They hear foul abuse and mockery poured upon things they have been taught to reverence; very probably their sense of reverence is destroyed, and when that goes *everything* goes.

That is the real danger. Young people read newspapers very freely nowadays, and I say that to print the sort of matter that has been printed in connection with the Stirling cases is a damnable thing.

Then if there be one feature more nauseating than another about the whole sickening business, it is the loathsome hypocrisy of the newspaper proprietors concerned.

We have Lord Northcliffe, of the *Daily Mail*, making a great fuss about the new play, "An Englishman's Home." Morning after morning his journal has been exuding patriotism on one page, filth on the next, calling the young manhood of the country to arms in one breath, whispering obscenities into their ears with the next.

Mr. George Cadbury, of the *Daily News*, has conscientious scruples against printing betting intelligence, but his journal has devoted considerable space to the Stirling suits.

The *Daily Telegraph* professes to be essentially a family paper; does Lord Burnham really consider the columns and columns of divorce matter he prints suitable for family reading?

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is another patriot and philanthropist. Does he think it either patriotic or kind to debauch the minds of young readers of the *Daily Express*?

I name these four gentlemen, because in one way or another they come prominently before the public as disinterested patriots and philanthropists, as men of honour, as guardians of the nation's interests.

WE AWAIT THE DEFENCE.

Let them justify their publication of divorce reports, if they can. The Editor of The Modern Man will no doubt extend the hospitality of his columns to any defence they may make.

If they cannot or will not justify their conduct, then let them stand convicted as Press panderers, as sordid rogues who amass fortunes by catching the pennies and halfpennies of the prurient, as double-dyed hypocrites who prate about patriotism one moment, and put vicious thoughts into the minds of our young the next.

P.S.—I had written this article before looking at the morning paper, in which almost the first thing to catch my eye was the following denunciation of divorce case publicity by the Lord Chief Justice of England.

Speaking at a Sphinx Club dinner, Lord Alverstone said:

"He did consider that the publication and publicity given to the proceedings of the Divorce Court was a public evil.

THE VOICE OF JUSTICE.

"He could not imagine anything worse for public morality than those terrible details sent down from Edinburgh. It was a matter of serious consideration by those who were interested in the administration of justice and in the high standard of moral character in this nation whether the time had not come when they ought to put a stop to the publication of proceedings in the Divorce Court. (Cheers.)

"His experience for twelve and a half years as Attorney-General, having to do the work of King's Proctor, was that the harm done by the knowledge of what could be done in the Divorce Court and what could be obtained from its procedure was far greater than most people knew."

What has Lord Northcliffe and the other leading newspaper proprietors to say in reply?

T. Granville Ruston.

FOR THE SPORTSMAN'S POCKET.

Most men are miserable if they have not a knife in their pocket, but even more important to the sportsman than the means of inflicting cuts, is the means of patching them up.

It is one of the penalties—or perhaps one of the attractions—of most sports, that they render one liable to some kind of damage to one's person. The provident sportsman, therefore, will carry in his pocket a small packet or "book" of court plaster, with which to repair the cuts and scratches which he may sustain.

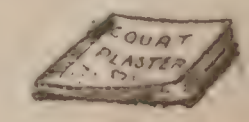
You can get a packet for a penny, so the cost is not very deadly.

It takes up next to no room in the waistcoat pocket—no more for instance than an ordinary athletic-club ticket, and cannot be condemned on the ground of bulk.

Not only is court plaster useful for covering and keeping the dirt out of a wound until the skin can heal, but it may be put to a score of other uses unconnected with the person.

A puncture in a bicycle tyre, for instance, may be mended temporarily with a bit of plaster, when there is no rubber or solution handy, and even a rent in the clothes, such as the breeches of the harrier sometimes sustain in negotiating barbed wire may often be roughly patched inside with its aid.

Some men are afraid of being called "namby-pamby" if they carry such a thing about with them, but many a little cut has developed into a serious wound for the lack of such a timely covering.



SLEEP.

SOME PASSING THOUGHTS.

The victim of insomnia would willingly sell his soul to the devil for an hour's sleep, for he is quite convinced that nothing in Hades could be worse than a sleepless night.

The man who has to work late and rise early dreams deliriously of being able to sleep as long as he likes. What happens when that day arrives? Poets have sung the pleasures of sleep, but, though it is not mentioned in the Bible, I believe sleep was one of the primal curses laid on man, because in many aspects sleep is a malignant thing.

Most of us have experienced this spitefulness of sleep. We have toiled all the week, rising early when we felt strongly inclined to chuck everything for another half-an-hour in bed; at last Saturday night arrives, and we turn in, promising ourselves a long, long sleep. The almost invariable sequel is that 5 a.m. or earlier finds us wide awake, every vestige of sleep driven from eyes and brain, every hope of sleep dissipated.

But what a difference in the morning when we have an extra early train to catch, an extra early and most important appointment to keep!

We may have sought to dodge the malicious imp of sleep by going to bed betimes, but the subterfuge is useless as a rule.

If our usual allowance of slumber is seven hours, the ninth hour will find us still sleeping like a Government clerk after lunch.

At last we are aroused, but the demon still clutches us. Bother the train, hang the appointment, for Heaven's sake let me sleep!

We value sleep most when we cannot get it. The young man about town who can go to bed when he likes and get up when he likes often ends by not going to bed at all. The small boy's great ambition is to sit up late, the weary, overdriven, middle-aged man's one hope is to get to bed early. It is the having to get up early that galls.

A good story is told of a now famous general who in his subaltern days was often late for early morning parade and thus incurred many reprimands.

At last he obtained leave, and every morning of the homeward voyage the cabin steward popped his head into the sleepy officer's cabin at 6.30, and said: "Adjutant's compliments, sir; an' 'e's waitin' for you on parade." To which the youthful warrior used to reply: "My compliments to the Adjutant, and will he kindly put his head in a bag!" before settling down for another snooze.

To return to the malignancy of sleep, it often gets you a bad name.

There is, for instance, the vinous sleep in the last train to Herne Hill that lands you at Chatham with 4d. in coppers in your pocket and no train back till 6 o'clock in the morning.

If you confess to the home authorities that you went to sleep they sniff at you, and are sometimes apt to ascribe your absence to less innocent causes.

Then there is the sleep that overtakes you in church and gets you disliked by the parson.

Sleep, indeed, generally overcomes you at inopportune moments, when you ought to be listening eagerly to your rich uncle's pet story, when you have got urgent work to do, or when somebody is trying to entertain you or you ought to be trying to entertain somebody.

I remember I was once given a free pass into the front row of stalls at a theatre. There were few other people in the stalls—that was why I got the pass—and thus my position was rather conspicuous. I did my best to keep awake, but sleep overcame me, and I snored lustily till they came and booted me out.

Finally, some sleep is actually bad for you—the Sunday afternoon sleep from which you awake feeling simply rotten.

Sleep is in many ways a fraud. If you sleep well, you don't enjoy it because you know nothing about it. If you sleep badly, it is the very devil.

S. Kirby.

MY NOTEBOOK.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT MYSELF. The other week I gave certain facts about myself, about my likes and dislikes, and so forth. Since that time I have received many letters from readers asking for more. They shall have it. If they don't like what I am going to say, they have only themselves to blame.

Of the many letters I have recently received concerning "My Notebook," half have expressed wonder that I should have done what I have done and be only twenty-six.

Why only?

It seems to me that if a man is going to do much in this world he ought to be making a fair showing long before he reaches the thirties, for at seventy, in the ordinary course of events, he will be dead. At twenty-six a man is as much a man as he is ever going to be, and my chief regret in the matter of my age is that I am not a bit younger.

I would not have you think that I assume any credit for being the editor and owner of an important weekly paper at twenty-six. My success is due to two circumstances over which I have no control, and upon which I can therefore accept no congratulations.

THE SPUR. The first is an excess of energy. I don't know where it comes from, whether it is from nature or from a very healthy parentage. But the fact remains that I am one of those men who must do something or burst.

It isn't always work I do. A very fair portion of my time I spend in enjoying myself, but whether I am engaged in work or fun I go at it hard. It is merely the working off of steam.

I don't force myself to work, and I have not very much respect for the man who does. I just work because I have to; if I didn't I should get ill. I tackle big things—and the issuing of a new paper is a pretty big thing—because I like doing it.

I like a good scrap too—whether with the gloves or without—and the two things are not so very different. In the one you are up against a physical antagonist; in the other you are setting yourself in opposition to all the rivalry of the trade. In both cases you are fighting all you know how, and it is in the fight that the fun lies.

I have the energy to fight. It has been given to me. It is not a thing I have acquired or cultivated, and therefore I do not fool myself by patting myself on the back about it.

BED. The second possession which has put me in my present position is rather an odd one. It is my faculty for doing uncommonly well on four hours' sleep.

I believe that most men need seven or eight; if so they are wise in taking it. But for my part four hours suffice; in fact I do not feel so fit when I sleep longer than that.

I class this as my second gift, for it has meant a lot to me. It means that I have a four hours' start each day over most other people, and in these four hours I have made money, studied, and had plenty of fun.

It is for the sake of the fun that I have done the other things.

OFF HOURS. The man who works for money alone is a poor sort of person to my thinking; he ought to be working for what money will bring.

I don't know whether I have been acting wisely or not, but all the time I have been working with a view to making money I have seen to it that I secured a good deal of the fun of life in passing. Possibly I ought to devote all my time to money-making, but I don't. I set aside a part of each day for just living, and my four hours' sleep system helps me to it.

I live well out of London—an hour's journey, to be exact—in a village which has lost its glory and popularity, where half the hous[es] let, and where there is in consequence a [qu]ness and repose that are infinitely re[fre]after the day's work in town. I get home [at] eight o'clock, if I am lucky, but more [often] ten and not infrequently at eleven.

My time of arrival being uncertain, I [send] wire in the course of the evening, so that I not have to wait for dinner, and when the [day] has been dealt with I get ready for my [hour] recreation.

The nature of it depends on circumstan[ces]. Sometimes I can afford only an hour or sometimes longer.

It may be that you suppose an editor's is a soft one; I can only assure you that editing of a paper, at least as I do it, de a good deal more than a day's work [each] While you are sleeping, my reader, I am at it, preparing the next number, which give you only a few moments' entertain but which has meant many hours of hard for me. The reading of manuscripts and thinking out of new ideas for articles, is light task.

That is why my leisure time is limited.

ACCORDING TO THE TIME AVAILABLE. If I can allow myself only an or less, I strip and get into ning togs. Close to my there is a private road, a mile long, and I take a breather to the end of it and back again. Then a bath, and to work more.

If I have a longer time at my disposal, I into riding things, and set off with my horse a canter.

By the side of the roads our way lies many stretches of turf where you can let horse without danger to his legs and no danger to yourself, provided you keep your about you and remember the exact location the telegraph poles.

I like to ride up the river to a certain cross that, and come back by the other over another bridge a mile or two village.

AN EPISODE. I remember once crossing the without the assistance of bridge. We had been travelling pretty fast and I was hot; so was my horse. water seemed very cool and inviting, so I him down on to the towpath and swam across.

There had been a good deal of rain, and current was stronger than I expected, and a toss up, when we were in midstream, whether the editorial chair would not have another occupant, but we pulled through.

When we landed, a policeman was waiting for us on the bank. It was somewhere about midnight, and I daresay he was justified in supposing that a man who would plunge into to a stream in that condition and at that must necessarily be mad.

I did not trouble just then to explain my views. I laughed at him, for I was feeling full of life just then, and sent my horse up the bank and made for home.

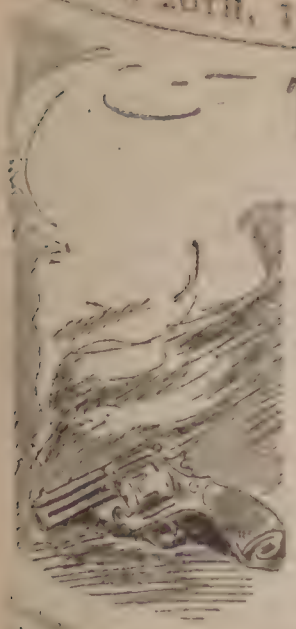
The novelty of it made that swim as good as a week's holiday. My horse got wet and so was I, but the exercise kept me from catching cold, and I believe he enjoyed it as much as I did.

It was a little adventure, part of my vocation; and I felt none the worse for it, though for a minute or two my life had been in danger. But it taught me a lesson. Since then I have been more cautious, for I realise my responsibilities.

Still these midnight rides appeal to me, and why not? I have no time for exercise during the day, and if I care to take my recreation while others are abed, why should I not?

Your Itself?

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



TWO SHOTS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By T. SISLEY CHEVERTON.

I wonder if anyone knows why the police authorities always put a newcomer on night duty? The bulk of the crime is committed after dark, and one would suppose that the best men were wanted to combat it.

I have never been able to find any satisson, and I am driven to the con- that the young policeman is entrusted the ...ling of property at the most dan- ... simply because he is not quite smart ... the force credit by his appearance

... I joined the Metropolitan Force I was ... raw as a young countryman might ... expected to be, but I was set on a ...idential suburb where there were ... houses, cribs that the cracksman de- ... to tackle, for the owners were wealthy ... and stockbrokers for the most part, ... of having silver plate on their side- ... many an aristocratic family.

... only a week after I had donned the ... that I heard two shots just as I ... a residence called Hawk House.

... my whistle to summon assistance, and ... the drive to the front door. This, as I ... feared, was locked and bolted, but at the ... of the house I found a long glass door ... standing a little way open. I pushed it back ... pulled aside the curtains that covered it, ... found the owner, a Mr. Dawson, standing ... the middle of the floor with a candle in one ... and a revolver in the other.

... his feet lay the body of a masked man, ... a revolver, the barrel of which was still ... lying on the carpet beside him.

... glad to see you, constable," he said. "I ... wish you'd come five minutes earlier and ... me from this very unpleasant job. I wish ... look here and see if he is dead, for I can't ... myself to touch him."

... down and felt the man's heart, but it ... to beat, his face too was greenish ... and I was fully convinced that every- ... was over so far as he was concerned; but ... have our rules to observe in such matters, ... leaving Mr. Dawson on guard, I went ... to the hall and telephoned to the police ... the inspector to come at once ... the surgeon with him.

... arrival the doctor pronounced the man ... dead. I had already removed the mask, ... the inspector examined the dead man's face, ... could not recognise him as any known ...

"Perhaps," he said, turning to Mr. Dawson, ... would be good enough to let me have your ... of what has taken place."

... Mr. Dawson had got back some ... He seemed to be rather proud of ... a burglar, but he had also the very ... dislike of looking upon the dead man ... he had taken. Standing with his back ... he told us what had happened.

"Where I sent upstairs, I turned out the ... and ... at the open window to have ... fresh air in the room. Presently I ... a movement, and looking down ... outside the library door, ... something between the two parts of ...

... I had a revolver, and, when ... I went downstairs and opened ... door, switching on the electric light ... man had already made an entrance, and as soon as I was inside the room he fired at me point blank. I suppose he must have been partially blinded by the sudden flash of the electric light, for his aim was bad. You will see where his bullet smashed that picture frame beside the door.

"He was preparing to fire again, so I had no course open but to shoot him. I hoped merely to wound him, but I am no great hand at shooting and I hit him in a more vital part than I intended.

"If it is necessary, inspector, I shall of course come with you to the station, but I think that under the circumstances I was perfectly justified in acting as I did."

The inspector explained to him that the law required that he should be formally put under arrest, but that it was not necessary for him to come to the station. He would leave me and another man he had brought with him, to see that Mr. Dawson did not leave the house. He regretted that this course should be necessary, but explained that the inconvenience was only a temporary one.

Mr. Dawson made not the slightest objection, the body was removed to the police mortuary, and the other man and I prepared to pass the night in the house.

Mr. Dawson made his money by buying and selling public-houses. I suppose he made it easily, for anyhow he was free enough with it.

When the inspector left, he sent one of the servants who had been waiting in the hall trying to hear what was passing, for two bottles of champagne, and over these he told my mate and me the same story as he had given to the inspector, this time embellishing it with statements as to his feelings, how he felt afraid just at first, and then, remembering that bravery was an Englishman's legacy, how he set his teeth and boldly faced the intruder.

On the following morning the newspapers hailed Mr. Dawson as a hero. They commented upon the fact that there had been many burglaries in this particular suburb, and that so far the police had failed to make an arrest; they thought it scandalous that the police, who were paid for the suppression of crime, should need to have their work done by a private gentleman, and they trusted that the occurrence would reduce the virulence of the present epidemic of house-breaking.

The proceedings which followed were of the most formal character, Mr. Dawson being acquitted, because his act amounted to justifiable homicide, and the coroner thanking him on behalf of the neighbourhood for what he had done.

Three days after the inquest I read in the paper an advertisement offering a reward for any information as to the whereabouts of a Manchester gentleman named Stafford, who had come to London on business a week before, and had mysteriously disappeared.

A description was given, but a mere verbal picture is not much to go upon.

So far as the statements went, however, it seemed to me that the missing man must have been a twin brother to the burglar whose body still lay in the mortuary awaiting identification.

I showed the advertisement to the inspector, and drew his attention to the fact that it seemed to refer to someone very like the burglar of Hawk House, but he did not view the matter as I did. He pointed out that if I had been a policeman for more than a few days, I would have had sense enough to knew that a wealthy man as Stafford was described to be would not go breaking into people's houses.

The idea, however, could not be dismissed from my mind, and at my own expense I telegraphed to Mr. Stafford's friends in Manchester, asking them to send me a photograph of their missing relative.

When it reached me I found it to tally exactly with the body in the little outbuilding at the back of the station.

It was not self-interest that made me keep this information to myself, so much as fear of again being laughed at, and resentment at the inspector's previous treatment.

Being on night duty I could sacrifice my sleep if I liked, and go into London during the day. It was on a morning that I got the photograph, and before noon I had called at the gunsmith's whose name was engraved on the revolver the burglar had used. I had also noted a number scratched on the plate at the butt, and when I gave him this the gunsmith told me in a moment who had purchased the weapon, for revolvers cannot now be sold unless the purchaser shows his gun license, and gives his name and address. The purchaser's name in this case was Smith, and his address a public-house in the High-Street of the suburb where I was stationed.

I came back and discovered that the tenant of this particular house was not named Smith, but that that had been the name of the previous occupant, who had now retired from the trade, and started in business as a bookmaker. I learned that he betted only on the course, and that he was likely to be found at Sandown in the half-crown ring that day.

I found him on the course shouting the odds, and he was very civil in telling me what I wanted to know; I suppose he took me for a detective. He told me that he had purchased the revolver, but had given it to a friend of his, who had taken a fancy to it.

His friend was a Mr. Dawson, of Hawk House, who had subsequently purchased the business from him.

I should have liked to go to Hawk House and have another look at the damage the burglar's shot had caused, but I had no authority for doing this, and so I contented myself with writing out a report of what I had discovered and sending it to Scotland Yard.

That night I felt tired enough to sleep on my feet, for I had not had a wink of sleep during the day, but I kept up by thinking of what would happen as a result of my report.

Next morning two detectives came down and questioned me, and a few hours later I saw Mr. Dawson in a cell in the station. During the evening Mrs. Stafford came from Manchester and identified the body in our mortuary as that of her husband.

The trial of Dawson for the murder of Stafford was one of the most sensational of its time, the evidence being purely circumstantial. Eventually, however, he was convicted, and before he paid the penalty of his crime he made a full confession, which, I will admit, eased my mind considerably.

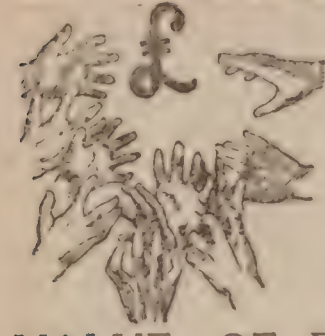
Mr. Stafford had from time to time lent him money, to enable him to deal in public-houses, and consequently he had an insurable interest in his life. He insured Mr. Stafford for several thousand pounds, and besides this he was owing him money, so that he had a good deal to gain by his benefactor's death, for their transactions had been of an informal character, and there would be no evidence as to many of the debts which were due.

Dawson laid his plans deliberately. He invited Mr. Stafford to Hawk House, and in the library shot him dead; then he took a second revolver and fired at the picture beside the door, after which he fixed a mask upon his victim's face, and put a jemmy in his coat pocket.

He did it all very quickly, for I was on the spot within two minutes of the shots being fired. He expected that he would be acquitted on the ground that the burglar had shot at him first, and up to a point things went as he desired.

The inspector was angry with himself for not having taken the hint I gave him at the outset, and he was still more displeased with me for having reported my discoveries to Scotland Yard direct, but I think I was justified, for otherwise I should only have been ridiculed for my pains. He did his best to make things uncomfortable for me, but shortly after the trial I was summoned to Scotland Yard and asked whether I would care to join the detective force. I was glad to do so for more reasons than one.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS



A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

VALUE OF FUNNY STORIES.

BY A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

The greater part of what success I have had in business, I attribute to my ability as a teller of funny stories. It is not unusual for a shopkeeper to greet you with: "Hallo, Jack! Glad to see you. What's the latest story?"

Before I made some sort of reputation in this line, I used to be received with an expression of bare toleration, a method of treatment which shopkeepers not unusually reserve for the bagman.

In my case, however, they almost invariably begin the talking, so that I am not faced with the usual wall of reserve that has to be broken down before an order is forthcoming.

To the commercial traveller, therefore, and to many another business man as well, the telling of stories means the booking of orders.

The novice will grasp this idea readily enough, but it is difficult to convince him that story-telling is a two-edged weapon that may do much damage to the man who wields it clumsily. The risky story, for example, I always avoid, however funny it may be. There is no way of knowing how your listener will take it, and, though he laughs at the moment, he may be much shocked and offended; it is likely that you will come down in his esteem anyhow, whether he likes the story or not.

Another fatal mistake is to tell stories that are stale. If your hearer knows a certain tale, you are only trying his patience if you repeat it.

To guard against this, I spend most of the time occupied in railway trains in reading the papers that publish the right type of little stories. In this way I know all the chestnuts, and occasionally pick up something fresh. I'm safe to tell that for a while, because the average shopman has no time to read these papers, and it will be new to him.

We commercials often invent original stories, and we not infrequently see very humorous incidents in the course of our journeys. All that kind of thing is, of course, grist to my mill.

In telling a funny story avoid all sort of introduction. Never mind saying who told it to you or under what circumstances, or what you think of the story's merits. Let them have the story itself; if it's good it needs none of these explanations. Keep it brief, and don't laugh till the others start laughing.

The dialect story always goes down well, but it takes some telling. Perhaps it deals with what a Devonshire countryman said; if you don't belong to Devonshire, put it into the dialect of your own native district—Cockney, Irish, Scotch or Lancashire as the case may be. Then the dialect will be perfect, and the story will go down twice as well.

For my own part I keep my stories in sets, so that I can always trot out one that is just suited to my listener, whether his hobby is politics, football, racing or anything else.

But while I keep his predilections in mind, I do not lose sight of his prejudices. You must be very careful in regard to stories about drinking, for example. There are scores of them, many really funny ones amongst the number, but they won't be appreciated if your hearer is a strict teetotaller.

Story-telling is, as I have tried to show, a business asset, but the debit account must be opened for the tale told out of season. I have known men who insisted on telling stories when they were not wanted. That type of man is a bore, and the greeting he soon begins to get is: "Nothing to-day, thanks!"

I make it my rule to bring in my story as if by accident. If I am asked for one, so much the better. If not, I wait till the conversation trends the right way; then out comes the story: "Like the old lady who, etc."

The particular line I travel in is one that is much taken up by women who keep shop. To them I never tell funny stories. I used to do so, but they always fell flat. I find it much better to compliment them on their appearance by telling them how well they look.

When I am breaking fresh ground I have another plan. I say to the middle-aged dame behind the counter, "Could I see Mrs. Smith for a moment, please, Miss?" My experience is that a woman nearly always likes to be mistaken for her own daughter, and I book an order accordingly. A. THOMPSON.

PHRASES IN ADVERTISING.

No tradesman dealing direct with the public can afford to neglect the value of an apt phrase. It is said that Thiers' famous remark, "The king reigns but he does not govern," changed the history of France; in precisely similar manner many a successful business of to-day owes its rise to an happy phrase.

Cadbury's "Absolutely pure, therefore best," forms a standing advertisement, because it is a flattering phrase which remains on the mind of every reader. Epps's "Grateful and comforting," though ungrammatical, effects the same purpose. There is something inviting to the tired wayfarer, who observes in the hotel dining-room the notice, "Bovril served hot," and many a cup has been bought because of that notice alone.

These phrases suggest a certain amount of attractiveness in the commodity advertised, but there are many popular phrases which do not seem particularly flattering. They remain in the mind, certainly, but it is questionable whether they have an equal advertising value. Zambuk's "Rub it in" may be taken as an example, the phrase merely indicating how the stuff sold ought to be applied.

The couplet is extremely useful to the advertiser. "They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley pen," is just as perfect doggerel as "High o'er the fence leaps Sunny Jim, Force is the food that raises him." The supreme advantage in the couplet is that it suggests humour, and will in consequence be frequently quoted. The advertisement is thus not only in the brains of the public but also on their lips.

Avoid the childish catch line. "Such a shine in a minute" is the phrase used by Wren's boot polish, but there is something irritatingly jerky about it that reminds one of the clown in a pantomime; probably it is the "in a minute" part that does it.

Then again we have the Onoto pen advertisement, "If I made myself." The idea of a pen making itself is neither convincing nor humorous.

MODERN HUNTING.

It is foolish to condemn a man for sticking closely to his shop or his office, even at the sacrifice of his recreation.

There is a primal instinct in man to hunt something, and I regard the pursuit of money—provided always that it is honestly done—as the modern equivalent of the old-time chase.

Then men sought to kill game for food; now they make money with the same end in view.

Both things are honourable and sensible.

Remember too that there is an actual element of sport in business itself, and a sheer joy also.

SPOTTING A LOSS.

If your business is declining, don't waste time railing against the bad times, but set about the discovery of the cause of the falling off.

In the case of a shopkeeper probably it is due to bad window dressing, or it may be that the errand boy wants closer looking after. Especially where eatables are dealt in, there is a great temptation for the messenger to sample the goods before delivering the package at the house of the customer.

Possibly the customer is of the exacting type and weighs everything on receiving it. He may discover that the weight is short, or that some part of the stuff has been broken off. Or she does not take sufficient interest in the shopkeeper's welfare to let him know of his suspicions concerning the errand boy.

The decline may be due to your being injured by rivals. A public-house keeper recently went bankrupt, owing to a competitor sedulously spreading the report that there was arsenic in his beer, and that one customer had succumbed to its effects. There was not an atom of truth in this assertion, it being made merely to injure competition.

If you are a manufacturer, it is worth while having your goods analysed. A large sweet company recently found an unaccountable falling off in their trade. They had all their products submitted to the severest tests, and it was found that a poisonous dye was being used for the colouring of a certain popular sweet. Illness had resulted, and had rightly been attributed to these sweets, with the inevitable result of shrinkage in their sale, although the manufacturers had never received any complaints.

Such things mean ruin if they are promptly dealt with.

BUSINESS DREAMERS.

The artist, or, as one might call him, the professional dreamer, seldom wins success in business. And yet the successful business man must do a bit of dreaming at times.

The other day I was chatting with a well-known ship-owner on this very subject.

"I attribute much of my success," he said, "to my habit of having a regular dreaming hour each day. After breakfast I smoke a cigar, and it is during that smoke that I think out any scheme which may have to be dealt with. I differ from the habitual dreamer, however, in that I immediately act on the scheme when I have fully figured it out."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is probably the most business-like of all acting managers. "I must have time to think it out," he once said to me, "if I tried to deal with a matter without first dreaming upon it I should fail, I fear, lamentably."

Imagination of the constructive kind is one of the most useful possessions that a business man can have.

TESTS FOR APPLICANTS.

A friend of mine has a novel test which he applies to all who seek a post with him. He looks at no testimonials, but in the most guileless way asks, "Can you play billiards well?"

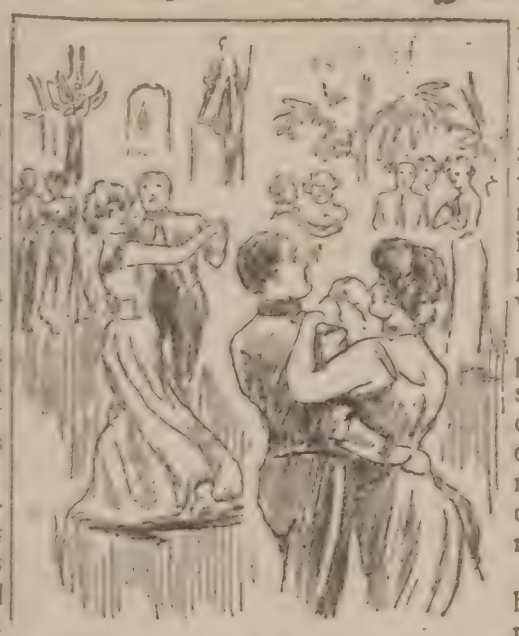
The unsuspecting clerk generally answers, "Fairly well, but I could soon improve my game if it were necessary." His fate is sealed. If he answered that he could not play billiards at all the job would have been his. This employer believes that young men who play billiards are not of the strenuous type that he desires about him.

There is some sense in this perhaps, but much in the test which a certain Yorkshire owner applies to all his staff from manager to millhand. He offers the candidate a cigar, and woe betide him should he accept it. The employer has a hatred of tobacco amounting almost to a mania, and he will not engage any one who smokes.

I knew a very successful ganger once who invariably demanded that his navvies should be either singers or whistlers, for he held that a man worked twice as well to some sort of musical accompaniment.

"Tommy" and the "Light Fantastic."

A LITTLE BIT OF ARMY LIFE.



Mr. Thomas Atkins being more than a bit of a ladies' man, it is only natural that he should be fond of, and expert at, "tripping it on the light fantastic toe."

At least half-a-dozen times a year the warrant and non-commissioned officers of a regiment will give a dance, and occasionally an enterprising company will hold one for its own members.

The officers of the regiment, and their "ladies," as the old term goes, are always invited to these functions, and usually a good many put in an appearance.

Indeed, if volunteers were not forthcoming a certain number would be ordered to attend as a matter of courteous duty, but as a rule the officers and their wives attend in force.

A Sergeants' ball is a thing to be remembered. Not that it is particularly hilarious, at all events not in the early part of the evening, and the guests from the mess are not supposed to stay more than an hour or so. While the evening is still young, however, the thing that strikes one most is the intense seriousness of the proceedings.

Business only is meant, and that business is dancing. There is nothing of either the languid lounging around or the ungraceful rowdiness that one sees at more fashionable gatherings.

SOMETHING OUT OF THE COMMON.

Waltzes and polkas are few and far between on the programme, which is devoted mainly to amazingly complicated figure dances bearing such names as "Caledonians" and "Circassians," and such little known round dances—as is known, that is, in Society, with the big S—as "polka-mazurkas" or "schottische-gavottes."

The officers, of course, dance with the sergeants' wives, and the hosts with the officers' wives, the Sergeant-Major leading off with Mrs. Sergeant, the Colonel with Mrs. Sergeant-Major.

The Sergeants' Ball has its own etiquette. For example, there is no "sitting out." When a dance is over you either walk round and round the room with your partner, or take her back to her seat, bow, and sheer off in the direction of your colour-sergeant, who is usually anxious to see how much liquor you can hold, and entertains exaggerated notions as to your capacity.

There is real, fine, heel-and-toe dancing to be seen at these functions, and while the guests' reckless blunders in the maze of "Circassians" and "Caledonians" are smilingly forgiven the latter are expected to know their "drill" or stand disgraced.

"TOMMY" ON THE STAGE.

"Tommy" not only loves dancing, but also theatricals.

He does not usually aspire to regular plays, but variety entertainments in the garrison theatre, when there is one, or on a temporary stage fitted up in the Regimental Institute or other convenient spot, are highly popular.

At these I have seen martial comedians who would not have been ashamed to stand beside Dan Leno, but as a rule Tommy's taste in song is peculiar.

He likes something pathetic, not to say lugubrious, and, while the low comedian will get a big "hand," more especially when he introduces some daring regimental "gags," it is the vocalist who warbles some twenty verses about "The Girl My Mother Gave Me When She Died" that really brings down the house.

Sing-songs, as a less formal sort of entertainment, are very popular, particularly when a regiment is in camp.

I shall never forget my experience of one as a very young and nervous subaltern.

I was at McNab's Island, Halifax, Nova Scotia, for musketry with my company, when my "skipper" informed me that the company were going to hold a sing-song that night, and that we were invited to be present.

He also hinted that I should probably be called upon for a song, and I did not enjoy my dinner so well as usual that evening, for whatever Nature may have meant me to be, she certainly did not intend me to rival Caruso.

I can see the scene now; the blazing fire of sweet-scented pine-wood, the rickety table which served as stage, the half circle of men, some sitting, some standing, the firelight playing on their bronzed faces.

MY SONG—

The Adjutant, who is in charge of the camp, and is an Irishman, has sung "Father O'Flynn" with immense success, my "skipper," who has a light tenor voice, has warbled "Queen of My Heart," and received his due meed of applause, and then after an interval, during which I do my best to encore the intervening performers, there are "loud cheers" for Mr. "Chinstrap."

Awful moment! The only song I know is "Balm of Gilead," and all I know of that is:

"Balm of Gilead
Drink it down, drink it down."

I sing this first in a hoarse croak, then in an eldritch shriek. The audience seem impressed, and applaud mightily, at the same time applying themselves vigorously to the "balm of Gilead," which I have taken the precaution of providing as a sort of propitiatory offering.

I repeat the "phrase," this time achieving an effect somewhere between a steam siren and a talking "Teddy Bear."

—AND MY EXIT.

Then, feeling that my performance is perhaps lacking in novelty I essay a dance. Misguided youth! The rickety table collapses, pitches me head first into the fire, and I retire into the mess and poultices.

Another of "Tommy's" "divarshuns" is a "torchlight tattoo."

This, however, is more or less a regular parade, in which the men, bearing flaming torches, perform complicated manœuvres, marching and counter-marching and so on, to the music of the band, or in some cases march through the streets of the town.

Dances, theatricals, sing-songs, and camp-fires, these are Mr. Thomas Atkins' principal ways of entertaining himself and his friends.

"Chinstrap."

THINK FOR LONG LIFE.

The activity of aged men of learning is remarked by all who come in contact with them.

From their school-days onwards they have been book-worms, and in most cases have paid no attention whatsoever to athletics. Hence you observe that they have massive heads on shoulders no broader than a boy's.

Physically they are not models to copy; of muscle they have little, but they appear to have discovered the secret of preserving the suppleness of youth.

In a university town you may see professors of sixty and seventy walking nimbly to their classes, while working-men of the same age sit gnarled and bent in a tram-car.

The difference is due to the fact that these have used their brains, while those have not. Mental activity is one of the greatest of health-givers, so long as it is not accompanied by worry, and studying; of course, is not a worrying job.

HUNTER DEALING.

AN ARTICLE FOR HORSE LOVERS.

Fox-hunting need not be such an expensive sport after all, though the buying of a horse, the subscription to the pack, and the various other expenses are popularly supposed to knock out anyone who is not "made of money."

But why not make your hunting pay? Why not combine business with pleasure? Don't hunt with the Quorn or Pytchley, where you would have to subscribe twenty-five pounds a year, or go to a London dealer, and pay two or three hundred guineas for your horse.

Hunt down South, where there are plenty of private packs, which do not ask for subscriptions or enforce a cap—in Sussex, for instance, there are Lord Leconfield's fox-hounds, Lady Gifford's harriers, and others.

Instead of the London dealer go to some well-known flat-race trainer, and pick a well-bred horse for something between five and twenty pounds.

Every trainer has a lot of young horses each year, which he has tried and found not quite good enough to win a race on the flat, and these may as a rule be picked up for quite a small sum. When they are sold they are generally two- or three-year-olds, and if you are looking for one to make a hunter, pick out one that has plenty of bone, for a weed is no use.

At a small steeplechase also, you will very often be able to pick up a bargain, for an owner will often "cut the loss" on a failure by selling it on the course, perhaps for three or four pounds.

At £1 a leg, your loss cannot in any case be very great, while the animal may turn out really good in the hunting field. If you are capable of teaching it well, it may, when thoroughly schooled, realise £50 or so.

The schooling of a hunter is a very pleasant job for the man who likes horses.

At first you may feel a bit nervous at putting the youngster at a fence, but after you have had a fall or two you lose all fear, for you very seldom hurt yourself.

Take the precaution, however, of kicking your feet out of the stirrups when you are riding a green horse at a fence. If you fall then you will not run the risk of being dragged.

In falling, be careful to roll away from your horse before you make any attempt to get on your feet. This will take you quickly away from him and will prevent him from rolling on you. That is the chief danger in a fall.

A friend of mine to my knowledge once bought a horse for £25, and after training it, sold it to an M.F.H. for 150 guineas, which is by no means an out of the way price for a clever hunter.

You must remember that at first a few hours a day is enough for a young horse to be out with the hounds. But it will improve, and many a youngster has been bought out of a flat-race stable for a tenner and has turned out a first-rate hurdle-jumper or steeplechaser, so that the owner has made several hundred pounds profit from his bargain.

If you know but little of racing, however, you will be well advised to leave it alone, and to make your blood racehorse into a blood hunter, for when five years old, if you have schooled him well and made a perfect jumper of him, he will be worth from £50 to £100.

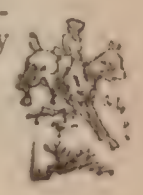
Hunt point-to-point steeplechases are nearly always easily picked up with a thoroughbred, and he is eligible to run, if he has not previously won a race under Jockey Club or National Hunt rules.

Don't be afraid to let your youngster have a few falls. It will do him more good to have one in a day's hunting than to go through a year's schooling without one.

Show him off whenever you get a chance, and you should have no difficulty in selling him for a good price.

This is the way I get my hunting, and instead of an expensive pastime, I find it a very profitable pursuit.

W. Ironside.



Richard Selby: Englishman

A NEW SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By Adam Stern.

II. THE EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.

It did not require more than one glimpse to decide that Mr. Romer Cash was an aggravated specimen of the decadent "bookie." His mouth was a slit, the eyes were bulging and jaundiced, and the expression upon his leatherlike face was a combination of cunning, greed and bestiality. He wore a suit of many checks, and sported jewellery which, if real, should have secured his comfort in retirement without the aid of a precarious profession.

He had been staying in Moulden the last few days, making extensive inquiries as to which animals held the likeliest chances at the forthcoming rabbit-coursing meeting. He was not alone in his purpose, for the event attracted a horde of rascals who knew how the Black Countryman backed his opinion with more loyalty than judgment.

Just now he was discussing the matter with Peter Wood, a widower who lived by himself in the hovel where they were seated.

"And yer reckon Lightning's sure to carry it orf?" Cash had said in his usual husky voice.

"I do," observed Peter pessimistically. "If it worn't for 'im I shouldn't ha' much fear for Fireaway. Mine's bin doin' bad o' late as we arranged, but Richard's 'as come on wonderful; 'e's bin carryin' all afore 'im."

"That's right enough! All the big money's for 'im. That's what we want; but I reckon you'd better put Lightning's light out with a brick an' make sure."

"Ah! p'r'aps yo'd like to do it. Not me, thanks! Yo' take it from me, there's on'y one thing in this world as young Selby cares for, an' that's 'is dorg."

"Well, I dunno," said his companion, fingering a heavy albert with his podgy fingers. "In the matter o' a scrap I should think you'd carry the money."

Peter looked down his bulky self without enthusiasm, and shook his head.

"Yo' don't know 'im, so yo'm talkin' blind."

Mr. Cash indulged in a blood-curdling diatribe against all and sundry that threatened the profit he intended to make out of this.

"You told me you'd got an animal as would 'dance' it, an' I've taken a 'underd to ten twice on the strength of it. Now, that two 'underd quid 'as got to arrive 'ere, d'y'see?" He slapped his pocket. "An' twenty on it's for you, if it comes orf. Well, you can't expect twenty quid for nothin', so what y' goin' to do about it?" He sat back, satisfied with his poser.

Peter remained stolid. He was one of those men whom argument makes stubborn even if it means loss to themselves. Besides, he never thought clearly at the best of times, and the raw spirit and cigars with which Mr. Cash had served him had clouded him beyond the usual. He clung tenaciously to the one belief that it would be folly to interfere with Richard Selby's whippet Lightning.

"Look 'ere," said Cash. "If 'e was got out o' the road for on'y a day, just tied up somewhere, an' then loosed, nobody would guess where 'e'd bin meanwhile."

"Tied up where?"

"'Ere, o' course! Where d'y'think?"

"Yo'd better do it then," said Peter stolidly.

But Mr. Cash disliked risks of an uncertain kind. He explained with considerable force that he didn't know the dog, nor where it was to be found or how stolen. But if Peter liked to shift his sanguinary carcase and *do* it there was twenty quid for him, cash down, when he came back with the dog. Couldn't the blighter see that if Lightning was missing the odds against Fireaway would shorten and he could hedge and make a profit either way?

Peter couldn't see it, but the sight of sovereigns changed the current conviction into another. He was now sure that he could possess that gold for very little trouble.

"The dorg knows me, an 'e sleeps in an out-house at the bottom o' Selby's yard. A bit o' raw beef might 'tice 'im an' p'r'aps 'e'd come along quiet."

"Well, I don't care 'ow," said Cash, who felt that he would do well to be neutral. "But if y' blunder it yer don't 'andle a solitary quid, that's all."

II.

Richard slipped out of bed quietly so as not to disturb the younger brother who slept with him, put on his trousers and carried the rest of his clothes downstairs.

He lit a candle, went into the wash-house and washed in a bucket on the sink as usual, and then dressed. Opening the back door he inhaled the early morning air, his head thrown up a little, the nostrils sniffing, exactly as would a horse or a dog.

It was still dark, but before he got back from the canal a mile away dawn would be breaking. He liked to see the sun rise, and he liked a swim before going to the forge and making chain for ten or twelve hours.

A hundred adjacent chimneys were belching flame and their glare pinked the sky. Many of the works were on double shift and Richard could hear the clang of metal.

For a little while he stood thoughtful. That sound was there day and night. Sometimes it seemed to him like the utterance of a colossal Being, rasping an iron song from an iron throat: a tireless, formidable Being, lifting a fierce protest against the arms that wrought it to use, whitening with rage at the fire that prepared it for change.

Richard laughed as he walked down the yard. Perhaps Life was like that—Life the hammer, and himself the iron.

Another moment and poetry had fled from him. The out-house door, fastened usually with a staple and unlocked padlock, was open.

He struck a match. The chain was there, and the basket, and his old coat on which the dog slept, but Lightning had gone.

Richard looked, and thought, and realised. He straightened slowly, thrust his hands deep into the cross pockets of his trousers, and sighed.

He was feeling sorrowful for the man who had done this.

Then he turned and strode heavily through the house and into the street.

A thunderous knocking at the front door of "The Hare and Hounds" brought Mark Gem to the window of his bedroom in alarm. He was sure it was a fire, at the least.

"See this?" shouted Richard, holding up a brick. "I'll let fly now if you don't hurry."

Mark laughed and drew back his head.

"It's all right, missis; it's only Dick," he said, and he went downstairs as he was.

Men give each other their full names in the Black Country, but Mark was an old-time prize-fighter, which is equivalent to saying that he was cosmopolitan. Thus Richard was Dick to him.

"'Struth!" he exclaimed, when he had lighted the gas and seen Richard's face. He looked a comical figure in his short nightshirt with [illegible] of scraggy legs showing. A thicken[illegible] a misshapen nose were legacies from his [illegible] sional days, but the eyes retained the [illegible] which had intimidated many an opponent.

"Get something on, you fool!" said Richa[illegible] as the older man shivered.

Mark grinned and fetched an overco[illegible] "Now, what's what?" he asked. "M[illegible] —robbery wi' violence—explosion——"

"Somebody's pinched my dog," said R[illegible] His voice sounded hoarse, and he sw[illegible]

"'Struth!" exclaimed Mark again. [illegible] words failed him.

"I told you last night to scratch him. [illegible] I?"

"You did that," agreed Mark, who was [illegible] and chief official at all meetings.

"Well, don't."

"Righto!" Anyone else, and Mark wo[illegible] have quoted rules and refused to budge. [illegible] Richard was different, somehow. [illegible] wanted anything he had a way of [illegible] granted that he would get it, which was [illegible] beyond Mark's strength to combat.

Richard had told Mark the previous ni[illegible] that rabbit-coursing was poor sport becaus[illegible] quarry had not a thousand to one chance [illegible] escape. Mark had agreed. There was no d[illegible] about it—he had often thought so himself. W[illegible] Richard was gone he backed Fireaway with [illegible] bookmaker in the smoke-room. It was [illegible] of habit.

"Got any idea who's done it?" he as[illegible] Richard was going.

"No."

"Well, 'e's a starter, I take it."

"Yes."

"What if 'e's dead?"

"He ain't dead," said Richard with [illegible] savage emphasis that Mark jumped.

"Orl right! See y' there," said Mark, [illegible] him out.

If it meant breaking into every house [illegible] Moulden, Richard would find his dog. He must remember to back Lightning again.

III.

The Fox Field where the coursing [illegible] was a pandemonium of yelps, barks, [illegible] shouts, and other variations of clamour that [illegible] indescribable. Betting was supposed to be [illegible] hibited, but all sorts and conditions of [illegible] makers bawled and chanted the odds.

Mr. Romer Cash was balancing his [illegible] attired person on a box and laying [illegible] for more than he was worth.

"Book full up, Fireaway," he [illegible] huskily.

The rumour had got about that Light[illegible] would not compete, and Fireaway was [illegible] Mark took full advantage of the [illegible] but as time went on he began to cast [illegible] glances about for Richard. They [illegible] to start in a minute. He must postpone [illegible] ning's course till the last.

"Come on, it's nigh on three," urged [illegible] Wood, who was holding his miniature greyh[illegible] on a strong leash. He was a beautiful [illegible] slim and long-limbed, but raging with [illegible] ment.

Mark lingered a moment and received [illegible] lade of oaths from those who were impatient [illegible] know the fate of their money.

"Orl right," he growled. "Who's runn[illegible] this show? You or me? I'm waitin' for [illegible] Selby."

"'E ain't comin'," said Peter unguardedly.

"'Ow d'you know?" demanded Mark. [illegible] seamed face alive with suspicion. [illegible] sighed with relief. He saw Richard pu[illegible] his way through the crowd towards him, an[illegible] had found his dog. Peter's jaw dropped. [illegible] turned, but Richard's hand on his shoulder spu[illegible] him round.

"Don't you go," he said quietly. "My dog's going to lick yours, and then——" He [illegible] slowly with a breath and gazed at Peter thoug[illegible] fully. He was wondering whether he was [illegible] know when to stop.

"What's 'e like?" Mark asked anxiously, nodding to the dog.

"He's been in a tub for eight hours with no water," said Richard with his eyes on Peter.

"I give 'im some afore'and," said Peter gruffly. He was no diplomat, but he was as sorry for Richard as anybody.

Richard moved out of the crush and made his way towards Mr. Romer Cash. That gentleman's face showed all his anxiety for a change of situation as Richard stood by and looked at him.

"Is that Selby, that dark young chap?" he asked someone. Then he cursed himself afresh that he hadn't put an end to Lightning. He wasn't afraid of that chicken. But he felt real unhappiness when he saw Richard speak to several men, who afterwards collected near and watched him all the time.

The proceedings began. Bagged rabbits are given a success, and the sport was tame. One of them, as soon as it was released, doubled back and ran right into the jaws of a dog.

Lightning and Fireaway came together in the final. When Lightning was at his best greyhound could not give him many yards of a start, but he seemed listless now. The event would probably have had a different termination altogether had not Peter been overlooking them. They were not slipping the dogs, but holding them by neck and tail.

As Mark brought his hands together for the start Peter lifted his dog, swung and threw him. It was an old trick, but Peter was too violent. Fireaway fell on his shoulder and lost ground. The other went away like his name. Men shouted, held their breath, shouted instructions, and swore, according to their temperaments. It was over very quickly and Mr. Romer Cash would have liked to emulate the speed of Lightning, but he feared the fate of the rabbit.

"Struth!" said Richard, after his dog had won the final.

Peter looked at him stupidly. He was fully a couple of stone heavier, but he didn't want to fight.

In much haste Mark made all the requisite arrangements.

"I'm seein' fair play, d'y'hear?" he cried, standing in the centre of the ring. "I'm sixty, but if any man'll put down a tenner I'll take on the winner."

Men laughed. "Come out on it."

Mark gave way unwillingly. The love of battle was careering through his veins and if it had been Richard he would have sailed into him happily at that moment.

The fight began. Peter was heavy, and slow in his movements, and he took a dozen blows patiently. He was rather ashamed of himself, and he liked Richard. A crashing right and left on ear and chin livened him. He let drive with instinctive skill and Richard staggered. His face was quiet, awful in its quietness, and it had gone dark, as if he stood in a shadow. Agile and clever as he was, Peter knocked him clean off his feet before long, and then kicked him. Mark dashed up, inarticulate with rage, and punched him away till Richard was up. There was no question of rounds, nor the time count. It was to a finish.

Richard went at his enemy like a concentrated devil. There was a good deal to hit, but Peter was immensely strong, and deadly at close quarters. Mark jerked and lunged in company with the blows, and alternately shrieked extravagant odds on Richard and cursed him for missing palpable chances.

Both men bled, but Peter more freely. He tumbled all over the place, maddened and half blind. Youth and calmness were telling.

"For Gawd's sake, steady!" yelled Mark. "Now! Hooray, 'e's got 'im. *'E's got 'im!*"

Peter sprawled helpless. Richard stood watching, while his anger ebbed from him. He helped Mark to bring him round.

"'Struth!" said Mark as he walked back to Moulden in company with them both. And though he talked excitedly about the fight all the time, and explained exactly what he would have done, that expression was the most frequent. It was the last word in admiration for a man who could "give away two stone."

Richard and Peter did not shake hands when they parted. The courtesy would have embarrassed them; but they felt all right towards each other.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

TEA VERSUS BEER.

Mr. F. C. Selous, the famous hunter of big game, is inordinately fond of tea. He takes a cup with every meal, and often a potful. It has not damaged his nerves of steel, probably because he is an open-air man.

The average Australian, too, is an inveterate tea drinker, but his life also is chiefly spent in the open.

In spite, however, of such apparent exceptions, the fact has long since been proved that for the man who leads an indoor life excessive tea-drinking is harmful.

Dr. Rigby, one of Preston's best medical practitioners, even asserts that a moderate and reasonable use of beer is more beneficial and less harmful than the use of tea, for in beer there is much less to cause ill-health and nervous breakdown.

Naturally it is assumed that the beer is pure, which much of the beer drunk is not.

He has pointed out that the excessive drinking of beer immediately produces effects both gross and perceptible, while in the case of tea, though the effects were even more deadly, they were less easy to trace to their cause. Thus does tea often escape the blame that should justly be put upon it.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

For Brain and Nerves.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally contains, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight disease and ward off disease.

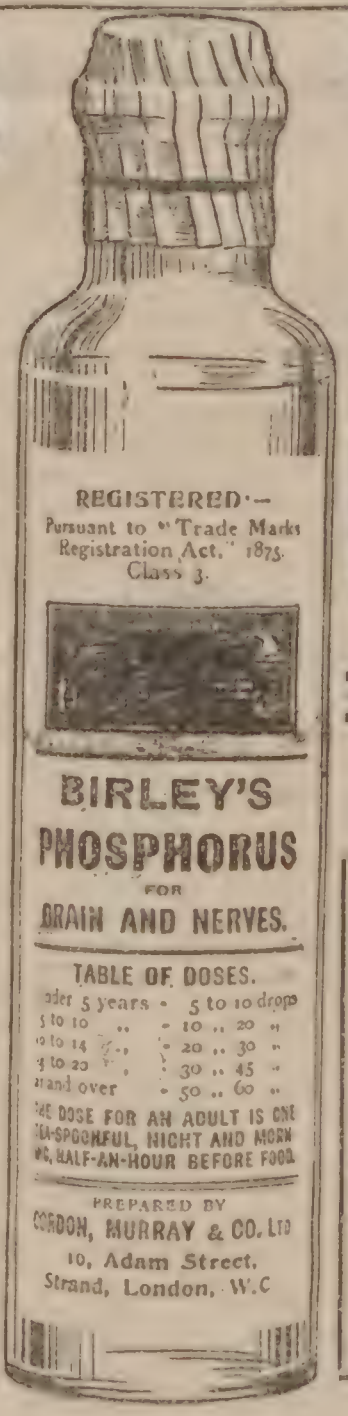
Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves exhausts or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's standard there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, *properly* administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Faintness, or Giddiness, and those *vague and undefined nervous conditions* (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Nervousness, sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, despondency or depression, morbid feelings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, insomnia, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

ALL CHEMISTS, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.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SOME CHARACTER STUDIES.

By NORMAN FRASER.

The Fighting Man

Nature meant him to be a pugilist. As an urchin he used his round, bullet head for butting small adversaries in the stomach, to their great overthrow and discomfiture.

Later he used his fists, and triumphed greatly, even against bigger opponents. Nature had equipped him at all points. His small pig-like eyes were set deep beneath protecting eaves of low, bony brow. To hit that broad, squat nose was like hitting a piece of indiarubber, and about as profitable. His teeth were firm-set in his heavy jaw. Already he was a trifle wide between the knees, and stood like a rock upon his feet.

Science he had none. He either rushed upon his enemy, bearing him down under a storm of whirlwind blows, or, if outpointed in height and weight, he let the other exhaust himself, beating fruitlessly against that iron visage, like the sea against a granite cliff, and then proceeding to finish him off with the slow deliberation of a bull-dog, mouthing a beaten foe.

He made money. He grew tired of fighting for fighting's sake, and the other boys were glad to make a "purse" to see him tackle the champion of some neighbouring mean street.

"SLUGGER'S" WATERLOO.

Then he met his Waterloo—in the shape of a dandified public schoolboy, whom he cheeked. The other was a slight-built youth, and "Slugger" sailed in, head down, arms swinging windmill fashion, confident of easy victory.

But he encountered nothing, or rather he charged the air until a smart upper-cut on the jaw, delivered as his adversary nimbly evaded his rush, brought him up standing and blinking. He was not accustomed to this sort of thing.

Again he charged; again he missed, and a fist smote him hard in the pit of the stomach. He staggered, gasped, and dropped his hands; a horse, at least he thought it was a horse, kicked him on the point of the chin, and he knew no more. That was the "Slugger's" first lesson in boxing.

He remembered it. He searched about until he found a broken-down old "pug," who took him in hand and taught him all he knew. Meanwhile, working in the brickfields, his strength grew enormously. Acting on his tutor's advice he accepted the open challenge of the "Lambeth Pet," and beat him to pulp in six rounds.

IN THE RING.

Henceforward his progress was steady until at last he stood in the ring at the National Sporting Club, heavy-weight champion of England. I can see him now. Time has accentuated his natural characteristics. The round, thick skull looks rounder and thicker than ever. The ears, always large, have been flattened, pounded, and thickened into monstrosities. The small, pig eyes twinkle dully in their caverns. The nose is a mere splodge, the wide mouth a huge slit in the massive, lowering countenance. Bull-necked, bow-legged, deep-chested, three parts brute, the other part dolt, he stands the personification of a fighting machine.

But a machine, and no more, and again for that reason he meets his Waterloo. Just as he had contemptuously eyed his public schoolboy foe, so now his gaze rests scornfully on the dark-eyed, white faced Yankee who has come to do battle for the Stars and Stripes. That pasty-faced "swell" with the white skin and gold-filled teeth stand up against the "Slugger"!

Rot! He can beat the life out of him in a round. Ten minutes later the "Slugger" is carried to his dressing-room. When he revives he has some dim recollection of a white-faced devil who danced around him, hitting him with fists of steel, hitting him not where Nature had protected him, but on his most vulnerable spots. Bull-dog against bull-terrier, and the terrier got the first grip.

It was the passing of the "Slugger" type of fighting man. Not a bad type; the "Slugger" has his virtues—invincible courage, bull-dog tenacity, unfailing gameness among them, but he lacks intelligence and "devil."

* * * *

"That's a d——d nasty thumb, colonel."

"Aye, what's to be done aboot it, doctor?"

"Well, it ought to come off, but I have no chloroform, nothing, everything went astray in that infernal spruit."

"It ought tae come off, ye say?"

"Yes, it looks uncommonly like gangrene already, but I tell you I have no anæsthetic."

"Weel, doctor, ye ken your business, and if ye say it should come off, off it must come. Can ye no mak' shift somehow?"

"Certainly I could manage, but do you think you could——"

"Hoots, dinna worry about me. I've stood waur than this will be, I'm thinking. Boy, fetch me a bottle of brandy from the store. An' noo, doctor, get ye ready."

The speaker was a tall, lean, gaunt, grizzled Scotsman, nearer sixty than fifty. It was the time of the Matabele Rebellion of 1896, and he, Duncan Robertson, mining engineer by profession, fighting man by nature, had raised a force of Cape Boys—yellow little devils, having much in common with the Gurkha—and was marching up country to take part in the relief of Buluwayo.

GRIT.

I also was on my way to Buluwayo, and we met at a wayside "store." Robertson had poisoned his thumb some days before, and now it was very bad indeed. A doctor, on his way to the front, had halted at the store, but he had lost his medicine chest crossing a drift, and had only his pocket case of instruments, and now I think the situation is explained.

"We'll hae it oot in the open, doctor, it's gey dark in here, and ye'll be able to see better. Boy, bring oot a table and chair and place them yonder," said the colonel.

The preparations were quickly made. The colonel seated himself, with the bottle of brandy near, took a big drink, and then, placing his injured hand on the table, said, "Noo, doctor, I'm at your service."

It was twenty minutes before it was all over, for it was not a case of slicing off the top of the thumb, but of removing the whole thumb joint. The bottle of brandy was empty, but Robertson was stark sober, and from first to last he had not uttered a sound.

IN HIS ELEMENT.

Our ways parted there, but I met him again. For two hours and more the mountain guns have shelled the huge, black, opposing kopje, from the dark caves of which an unseen foe spits a desultory, but not ineffective fire.

At last, our commander decides to assault with the Cape Boy corps, and the word is passed to old Robertson.

Forward they go, and their leader passes within a yard or two of me. Ordinarily a quiet, rather sad-looking man, his old, lined face is now transfigured with a sort of holy joy, and he is humming the words of "Bonnie Dundee."

Up they go, clambering over the rocks like so many yellow cats, but the old Scot outdistances them all. I keep my field glasses on him—'tis but a stone's throw across the v... He reaches a ledge and turns to wave h... onward. His face is still ecstatic, when s... it changes. His lips part in a dog-like s... and his bared head bristles. He is as ... primitive savage as he who is creeping on ... Crack, and the Matabele topples over.

Presently, their work done, the Cape B... come back, their leader last as he had been in attack. An assegai has grazed his ... his clothes are in ribbons, and he has tw... an ankle, but he is happy, supremely happy, fighting man to whom the smell of battle ... the breath of life.

SOME OTHER TYPES.

There are other types of fighting men. ware the big, blue-eyed, fair-bearded giant, ... in his jovial good humour, his clumsy, hear... playfulness suggests a great big Newfound... dog. Rouse him, and you rouse the B... from whom he sprang, and God help you ... should you stand in his way.

There is the hawk-eyed, hawk-beaked ... Worthy foes, and leaders of men, for they ... the cunning and the daring, as well as ... deadly swoop of a hawk. Apt to be cru... these men, and ill to cross.

There is too the little terrier of a man ... "Private Ortheris" type. They have not m... inches, but they carry more "devil" to ... square inch than most.

As a rule, the fighting man carries his ... on his face. The pugilist you can always ... and it is easy to recognise the son of Mars ... his flinty grey eyes, his high colour, his curv... nose, and projecting teeth, while where you ... a man with steady gaze, firm mouth, a stron... chin you may safely put him down as a fighting man.

A FIGHTER IN BLACK.

But the fighting spirit sometimes lurks in ... suspected quarters.

The inhabitants of a certain dreadful E... End slum are now accustomed to the sight in their midst of a long, shambling, ... coated figure. A figure to laugh at. W... weak eyes watering behind gig-lamps, h... complexion, indeterminate features, recei... chin, and diffident air the Rev. Septimus Thompson is irresistibly reminiscent of ... "Private Secretary."

They threw things at him when he appeared, and he smiled that vacant ... his; they broke his gig-lamps, and ... smiled.

Then one day a young Hooligan brutally kicked a girl, and the Rev. Septimus smote him hard between the eyes. That is, hard for ... for it had about as much effect on the ... as a monkey hitting an elephant. The ... was in two minds whether to kill Septimus or laugh. Fortunately he laughed, and Sep... his first battle.

He has had many fights since; not ... ones, but at least ten times a day he is ... phorically knocked out. But he always ... up smiling—vacuously.

And there are some who wonder why ... such a powerful agent for good. The reason that he is a man.

A fighting man; the greatest fighting ... I have ever met.

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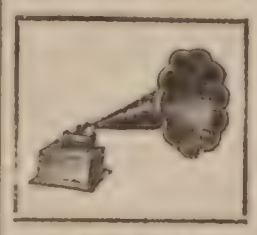

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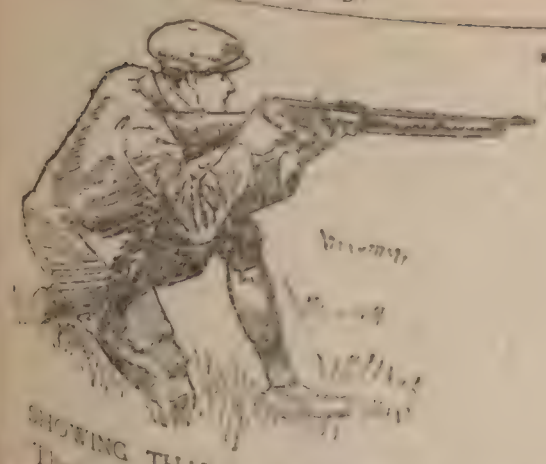
Target Shooting as Sport.



SHOWING THAT IT IS ONE OF THE BEST.

The love of a man for his gun can be as great as the love of a man for his horse.

What does it matter if his hands are ditched with dirt and his nostrils filled with the reek of rifle-oil and cleaning oil? He enjoys it, when it is all for the gun that is his friend.

It is not necessary to kill or wound something in order to enjoy true sport, and though I am a devotee of rifle-shooting, I may take a broad view, I do most strongly uphold it as one of the manliest sports in existence.

To the man on the moors or the big game hunter the sport lies chiefly in trying to outwit some living creature.

The target shot really flies at higher game. It is Nature that he is trying to outwit. He is struggling with elemental forces, pitting one against the other. He has the wind, the light, the atmosphere to reckon with, besides the mere question of the explosion of his cartridge and his own skill in "holding."

Rifle-shooting gives complete relaxation. All cares and worries are forgotten, for every nerve must be strained and every thought given to the thing in hand.

KEEPS YOU FIT.

Unlike all other sports, it demands bodily fitness. It isn't just any duffer that can pick up a rifle and become a good shot. You must have a good eye, a certain strength of arm—especially in a high wind—no small strength of character, and dogged determination, and, above all, extremely nerves and sound physical condition.

The man who is "run down" or whose inside is out of order will do no good with a rifle until he is fit again. His eyes and nerves will be all at sea.

The very necessity for keeping in the pink of condition teaches a man continence and discipline. "Moderation in all things" is the motto of the rifle-shot, and though he may not be a teetotaler or a non-smoker, he knows that excess in any matter of liquor, tobacco or any other indulgence spells failure on the range.

There is a freemasonry among the men of the rifle that you will find nowhere else; introductions are dispensed with; if a man is a fellow-competitor that is enough.

COMRADES ALL.

Side by side you will find men of all classes and conditions hobnobbing together—English earl and Highland blacksmith, 'Varsity undergraduate and city clerk, stalwart Sepoys trying conclusions with British Tommies, Australians and Irishmen and Channel Islanders, marines and lifeguardsmen, "jollies" and Jack Tars—they are all there, and their importance depends solely on what they can do with a rifle. A more cosmopolitan crowd that you find on the ranges it would be hard to find, and a downright good chaps most of them, and there is no such place for acquiring a knowledge of fellow men.

The spirit of rivalry seems to bring out all that is best in a man—in sport, at least.

Rifle-shooting has the advantage that we have the spirit of rivalry with a sport in which matches between teams of equal strength are alike exciting. In the big matches at Bisley, in which the entries run into hundreds, every man's hand is against his neighbour, yet in the team shoots, like that for the Kolapore Challenge Trophy, or the various Services and University matches, each man who has been fortunate enough to win a place in the team will study his neighbour's convenience and his captain's orders in the most unselfish way. The good team-shot must learn to sink himself in his team.

But don't imagine that I am advocating rifle-shooting only because it is good for your physical and moral welfare. The best reason is simply because you will enjoy it.

The excitement of a hotly contested match or of the finish of a big competition is terrific, and though there may seem nothing particularly spectacular about a man lying down and calmly firing off a rifle, if you have ever been the one to fire the shot on which a match depends, or have even watched that shot fired and waited breathlessly for its value to be signalled, you will realise something of the feelings that it can arouse.

One of the greatest moments of my life was when I was shooting "tie-shots" for the King's Hundred at Bisley. The ordeal would not make the old and experienced shot turn a hair, but I was then fresh from school and my nerve was not over-strong.

TIE-SHOOTING.

At the end of the second stage thirty of us—from boys like myself to grey-haired King's Prizemen—had tied for fifteen places.

We fired off seven shots apiece. The scores were checked, and the list of successful competitors read out to the seething mob on the range. No other shooting was going on; all attention was turned to the sifting out of the King's Hundred, any of whom might eventually win the blue ribbon of shooting, "The King's."

The fourteenth name was read out; I resigned myself to defeat. No! "To shoot for fifteenth place——" and my own name and two others were read out. I had tied again.

With three cartridges each we lay down to fight it out. I was a bit dazed by this time, for it was my first experience of "tie-shooting," and all Bisley was looking on and asking who the youngster was, but I determined to have a sporting shot at it.

My fellows in misfortune, M—— and W——, the former a member of the English team, both looked a little nervous also.

W——, determined to get the thing over, blazed off with an outer and then a miss, so that he was out of the running.

A HARD STRUGGLE.

M——, also firing quickly, led off with a bull's eye. It was taking my time about it, but I followed with another bull. M——'s next shot was a magpie, and I heard a murmur go round the crowd, who thought him done for. But alas! mine also was a "mag," and the murmur was redoubled.

Another bull apiece, and we still ran neck and neck. The range officer gave us each one more cartridge. M——, who seemed in a terrible hurry, put on a "mag." An inner or a bull, I knew, would save me, but there were the coveted badge, a modest amount of undying fame as a member of the 100, several pounds in prize-money, and the possibility of the everlasting glory of winning in the Final Stage, all depending on it, and my nerves were shaky.

Bang! The target goes down, and the dummy comes up marking—a bull's eye.

Somebody claps behind me, and I am surrounded by people shaking hands—first amongst them my narrowly defeated rival.

That is just an everyday incident, which happened to impress itself on my mind as a first experience. But it may serve to suggest the excitement that can prevail when more exalted positions and bigger prizes are at stake.

Yet this was in the days when the old square black and white bull's eye target and long deliberate aiming were in vogue. Nowadays with snapshooting at a target which it needs a keen eye to see and which may bob up anywhere, the sporting side of marksmanship is still more prominent.

A. H. Maude.

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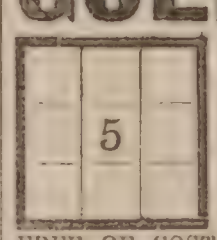

In the centre of the diagram you see a fig. 5. Arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the remaining squares so that the columns add 15 up and down, across, and from corner to corner. If correct, and you comply with the simple condition we shall send you, A HANDSOME WATCH (guaranteed 10 years) will be sent you ENTIRELY FREE OF COST. Send your answer NOW, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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Landscape Back-Gardening.

MY GARDEN NOW.

When I took my present house, I was much annoyed by the neglected state of the back garden, but I have now transformed it from a wilderness into a little paradise.

To begin with, the walls were so low that the neighbours had an uninterrupted view of our "grounds," and whenever we went into the garden we could see by the number of heads at the windows that they were careful to avail themselves of this view.

So I bought two hundred feet of lath, and made a two-foot trellis right round the top of the wall; this looked infinitely nicer than the broken-bottle coping which once formed the horizon of our immediate view.

Against the right-hand wall was an old-fashioned water-butt. I could see that it held possibilities of beauty, so I dug a pond near it, and bought four yards of half-inch lead piping.

ORNAMENTAL WATER.

The bottom of my pond I carefully lined with clay, into which I pressed little pebbles so close together as to form a sort of mosaic. In the centre I erected a fountain, made from a drain pipe with an old earthenware basin on top, its origin being concealed with a coating of dark green paint.

The lead piping conducted the water from the old butt below the pond, and up through the drain-pipe and the basin. As the butt was already raised on a brick pedestal, I found that the water was capable of rising to a considerable height, when the fountain was supplied with a very small nozzle, such as the stopper of a scent-bottle.

When I had arranged a few rough, rocky-looking stones round the foot of the fountain, that part of my work was done.

A long walk in the country brought me two dozen plants of bulrushes, which I planted round the edges of the pond.

Then I got a water-lily plant, which took some finding, and placed it near the middle of the pond. When the water was turned on, the "lake" was complete.

HIDING THE WATER-BUTT.

Six big tree-roots from a market-gardener cost me four shillings. These I used to conceal the water-butt, planting a few ferns and climbers amongst them.

I went back to my friend the market-gardener, who was removing some trees, and I bought four young tree trunks about six inches in diameter. These I used as pillars for a rustic summer-house which I placed at the far end of the garden.

The roof I made from boards, and I thatched it over with the straw-covers of wine bottles—these covers had been left in the cellar by the last tenant.

Round the foot of each pillar I planted roses.

I was ambitious to have a sun-dial, for I felt it would give tone to my demesne.

I therefore made a square pillar of four boards, and nailed a square thick board on top. Above this I fixed a finger for the dial, cut out with my fret-saw, and coated with gold paint. The pillar itself I painted to resemble stone.

The whole thing was mounted on the summit of a pedestal made of two turf steps and cut in circular fashion.

I watched the shadow of the finger at various hours of the day, and was thus able to paint on the flat top a diagram which would accurately show the time when the sun shone.

On the turf steps at the foot of the dial I placed a few pots of geraniums.

Originally the path ran in a severely straight line from the back door to the foot of the garden, passing down the middle.

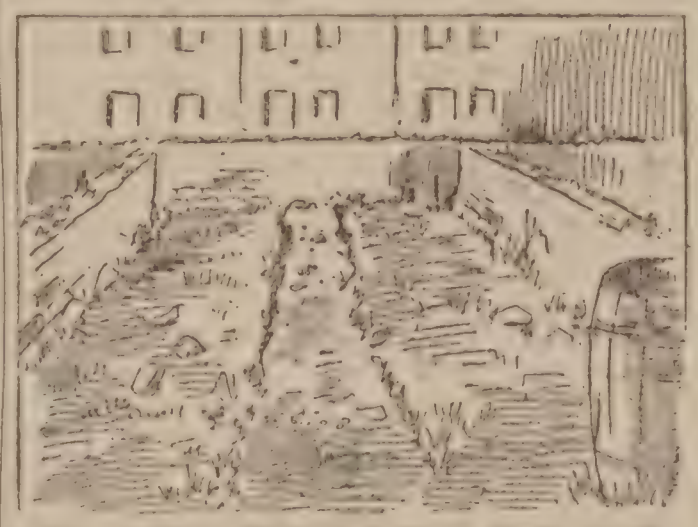
TWINING, TWISTING PATHS.

There is more beauty in curves than in straight lines, so I altered this, making the new path twine about in graceful fashion.

At the foot of every wall I planted nasturtiums, canary creepers and sweet peas, which in due course worked their way up to the surmounting trellis, thereby closing in our garden from the interested gaze of the neighbours.

On each side of the path was grass, and from this I excavated a number of diminutive flower-beds, making them crescent-shaped, diamond-shaped and irregular in turn.

You must remember that the whole setting of the place was green, from the walls to the grass lawn, so in the flower-beds I planted asters and stocks with a few annuals, as these having bright flowers and comparatively little foliage would relieve the general effect.



MY GARDEN BEFORE I TOOK IT IN HAND.

My object throughout was to make some departure from the monotonous suburban garden, and in this I think I have succeeded, with not much expense, but with a good deal of the labour of love.

Robert Cope.

LAUGH AND GROW LEAN.

Our procession of laughter makers form an army of lean kine. Mr. W. W. Jacobs shows in his person none of the rollicking humour which permeates his work, while Mr. J. M. Barrie is so lean and haggard that one might be excused for supposing that he suffered from ill-health, but no one would imagine from his appearance that he was capable of "Peter Pan." Mr. Jerome is one of the very few humourists who are fat.

Of stage comedians Mr. James Welch, Mr. G. P. Huntley and Mr. Selmour Hicks are all thin.

Of comic artists Mr. Lawson Wood, Mr. F. H. Townsend, Mr. Réné Bull and Mr. E. T. Reed would all form very bad advertisements for their own work.

Of unintentional mirth makers Mr. Hall Caine may be cited as one of the thinnest, his figure, especially when he is arrayed in knickerbockers, calling forth much attention wherever he may be.

That the professional humorist should be thin is but in the nature of things after all.

The fat man who sends a merry party into roars of laughter, obtains his result rather by the jolliness of his face and person than by the intrinsic wit of his jest. Though he is fat, his jokes are usually thin.

The written joke has to be considerably funnier than the spoken one, and it is the lean, thoughtful man who can best produce it.

LIVING ON THE SEA.

The death is reported from Liverpool of a gentleman who has for the past ten years spent his time on board Cunarders. Needless to say he was a man of wealth, and his method was to book a passage from Liverpool to New York, and on touching the latter port to take the first steamer returning.

What charm this life had for him it is difficult to say. The wealthy City man may seek solitude, and its recuperative effects on his private yacht, but no one could look for quiet on an Atlantic liner, where you have practically a fair sized town crowded into the minimum space, and have people about you constantly.

Possibly, and this seems a fair conjecture, the gentleman had a strong determination to conquer sea sickness, and was spending his years in seeking for victory.

Whether he attained this laudable object is not recorded.

A £500 INSURANCE

Registered and good for a year.

The Proprietors of "The Modern Man" have entered into an arrangement with the

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To be detached at dotted line and forwarded to the

GENERAL
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ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.
General Buildings, Perth, Scotland.

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Full Name, ...

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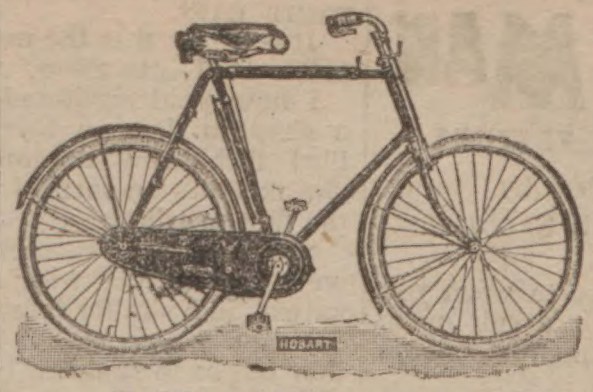

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of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations, and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Denman Street, LONDON, S.E.

JUJITSU AND BOXING.

The most complete systems of Self-Defence and Attack extant. The essence of all exercise, sports and pastimes. Absolute necessities for every "Modern Man" who wishes to defend himself quickly and efficiently, and to become healthy, confident, and successful. Terms very moderate.

For those who cannot call, special postal courses have been arranged, giving the most complete and detailed instruction.

All Sporting and Athletic Outfits sold at just over cost price. Special strong set Leather Boxing Gloves only 7/6—worth 12/6.

Terms and times arranged to suit all. Send card for particulars at once to:

W. H. MOLDON (Ex-instructor Volunteers, etc.), 81, High Road, Chiswick, London.

Grooming a Dog.

THE SUREST WAY TO GET HIS COAT RIGHT.

If you want a dog to look his best you must give him as much attention as you would a horse; that is to say, you must groom him as often, but the difference in the surface to be covered naturally makes the canine grooming an easy job compared with the other.

You want a proper horse brush if you are to do the thing thoroughly, one with a bit of webbing across the back, so that it cannot slip out of your hand. Pay a fair price, so that the bristles will be of good quality, soft, and closely and firmly set.

With this brush give your dog a good doing every morning; the process need not last more than a minute or two, for a dog's coat is not difficult to keep in condition once you get it right, but the brushing must be done regularly.

Don't do it too vigorously. Some dogs have tender skins and hard brushing irritates them without doing the hair any extra good. A light, firm stroke is what the dog likes, and it is what does most for the hair as well.

Sometimes simple brushing is not sufficient to put a dog's coat in condition, especially when it has been neglected for a time. It may then be necessary to apply some dressing to the hair. The nature of this dressing must depend upon the particular condition which it is intended to remedy.

As a general stimulant there is nothing to beat a few drops of common paraffin oil. Better use an old scent bottle with a nozzle, and sprinkle a few drops over the dog before you start brushing him.

The paraffin will bring the hair up wonderfully, making it glossy and healthy and preventing it from coming out.

The smell is the only drawback, and if you are using paraffin on your dog you should make a point of taking him for a run immediately afterwards. The fresh air will soon dispel the unpleasant odour.

If the skin seems too dry, sprinkle it with a little olive oil, not much at a time, for the dog may rub on things and make a general mess both of himself and them.

The oil should be applied in the way I recommended in the case of paraffin, and its daily use should be continued till the skin is in a sound condition and free from any suspicion of scurfy dryness.

Sometimes you will find that a dog's skin runs to the other extreme and is too greasy. This is a common fault with bulldogs.

The remedy here is to give him a warm bath with plenty of soda in it. Be careful to wash him well with clean water afterwards, and sprinkle a little oil on him before you brush him.

This will counteract the drying effect which the soda has on the hair. You wanted to get the skin dried up a bit, but you must replace the oils removed from the hair, as otherwise the coat will be dull and "staring."

In the case of long-haired dogs, the washing and brushing must be supplemented by judicious application of a comb.

Next week I shall deal with the very important matter of dog washing, as it is too wide a subject to be treated briefly; it plays a highly important part in the production of a good coat and is more than worthy of the dog-lover's close consideration.

Regular brushing, judicious washing, proper food and plenty of exercise—these are the things that make a dog a pleasure to look at and a credit to his master.

G. S. PARDY.

LITTLEJOHN'S JOKE.

Sir Henry Littlejohn, the eminent police surgeon, is fond of telling this story, illustrative, he says, of people's nervousness.

He was just about to enter a train one day, when a clergyman whom he knew beckoned him from another carriage. Sir Henry handed him in his hand-bag and a brown paper parcel, of which he asked him to be very careful. Then he took his seat beside him, and away went the train.

There had been a ghastly murder in the district—a man had murdered his family and blown his own brains out—and Sir Henry was still entertaining his friend with the details of it when they reached their destination.

When they alighted from the train, the parson volunteered to carry the brown paper parcel.

"Well, be careful," urged Sir Henry. "That's his head."

"And would you believe it," asks Sir Henry when he tells the tale, "the foolish fellow was so nervous he let the thing drop!"

A DROVE OF BULLS.

BREEDERS ROUNDED-UP AND BRANDED.

The Rev. Forbes Phillips, vicar of Gorleston, said recently "Bishops are not really so stiff and starchy as some people make them out to be. There is a good heart beating below their gaiters."

Mr. Asquith gave us a delightful and double perversion of natural history when he shouted: "Mr. Chamberlain is a cuckoo, who has taken the eggs laid by Lord Randolph Churchill in his callowest days."

Sergeant Arabin in sentencing a man convicted of theft, said: "Prisoner at the bar, if ever there was a clearer case than this of a man robbing his master, this case is that case."

Mr. Swift MacNeill delights in putting questions of the awkward kind, so he generally gets very unsatisfactory replies from the ministers he pesters. Such had been the case when he sprang to his feet one day and exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, I shall put to the Attorney-General another question arising from the answer the right honourable gentleman has not given."

"That argument," cried Mr. Balfour on a memorable occasion, "won't hold water." Then, as some murmurs of dissent reached his ears, he added philosophically, "At least, it won't hold good water!"

Lord Halifax was waxing pathetic when he said: "Every section of the British nation, every rank, every creed, from the King sitting on his throne to the labourer sitting on his cottage ——" The sentence may have been finished, but nobody could hear it for laughter.

Mr. Cummings was presiding at the Labour Congress when he made this beauty: "Gentlemen, will you please be silent? Otherwise it is impossible for me to hear a word you are saying."

When Mr. Shard was canvassing Walthamstow, someone asked what religion he professed: "My father," he said, "was baptised in the Church of England, married in the Church of England, and buried in a Church of England graveyard." He paused a moment for effect; then added: "And so was I."

Sir George Bartlet, in a speech directed against excessive national expenditure, made a remark which must delight spiritualists and tailors alike. "The spirit of the age," he thundered, "will have to put its hand deep in its trousers pocket."

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

CHECK SUITS.

I should like to warn you against having a suit made from cloth which shows a loud check.

"You are tall enough to carry that off, sir," says the tailor. Don't believe him.

Checks, even those which are technically described as hidden checks, are deceptive and disappointing.

Be very careful to see the stuff in piece. It is most difficult to tell from a small six-inch square pattern what a suit will look like, and you should think again and again before giving your decision, particularly if in the pattern there is that ominous and insistent thin red line that will perhaps make a chessboard and a guy of you when you don the suit.

Checks never look well and you ought to avoid them as a sort of principle. Avoid them absolutely unless you are tall. A small man dressed in a check suit is an eyesore and a butt for general ridicule.

DOUBLING BACK YOUR GLOVES.

If we were all as wealthy as we should like to be, I suppose we would put on a new pair of gloves every morning; as things are, we wear the same pair as long as they are presentable.

Before the seams burst, and the gloves have therefore to be thrown away, they are pretty liberally begrimed with the smoke of the city, and the dirt on them has a nasty trick of transferring itself to our shirt cuffs.

You put on a shirt of spotless cleanness, and on reaching your office you discover that the cuffs are already grubby about the edges; possibly you wonder why. The gloves explain it.

The cure is simple. Don't button up your gloves when you are wearing them with a shirt that boasts starched cuffs; just double them back over your hand.

This will prevent your cuffs from coming in contact with the soiled side of your gloves, and there will be no damage as to your reputation of being a well-dressed man. Besides, I think that a turned-back glove looks rather smart.

CLEANING THE WELTS.

Many a man, otherwise well turned out, brands himself as careless in the matter of his boot cleaning.

It does not matter to me whether this necessary operation is carried out by his valet, by the housemaid, or by himself; the one requisite is that it should be done properly.

The part of the boot usually neglected is the welt.

In the case of black boots this is not so noticeable, as the polish covers any specks of lingering mud; but with brown boots it is most obvious.

The heavier makes of brown boots are generally made with fairly wide welts on which appears white stitching. This stitching ought to be kept clean, otherwise the general appearance of the boot is spoiled.

You can't clean the stitching with polish and a rag; you want something more. Take a nail-brush, rub it on the soap, and scour the welts of your boots with that before attempting to polish them.

This will remove the dirt altogether, and not merely put a polished surface on it. The result will be worth your trouble.

TIGHT CAPS.

It is a pity that the makers of caps do not put better stuff into them.

I have paid eight-and-sixpence for a cap—at a shop in Jermyn Street, which the laws of libel forbid my naming—and have found it shrink quite an inch of its circumference after the first wetting.

Silk hats are never supposed to get wet, for we protect them with umbrellas, and usually we extend a similar consideration to our bowlers; but caps are meant for hard outdoor wear, and they ought to stand it, but, as I say, they don't always.

If you happen to have a cap that has shrunk, I can tell you how to put it right again.

Don't wrench it and pull it with your hands. That will only split the seams. What you want to do is to stretch the cloth, and this can only be done gradually.

Lay the cap on a table. Put into it a big marmalade jar or something else that is strong and nearly fills it. Round the edge of the cap put some pieces of cardboard, and between them and the jar wedge in plugs of paper or bits of stick or anything else that may be handy.

The game is to expand the edge of the cap and to do it with gentleness. Wedge up till the cloth is very tight, and then go away and leave it.

Scientists will tell you all about the laws of elasticity. What matters is that when you take your fitments out of the cap next morning you will find it plenty big enough.

I regret to say that this process will not restore the body of the cap to its original fulness, nothing, so far as I know, will do that; but it will ease the rim, and, as that is the part that grips uncomfortably, you have attained your main object.

HOW DEFECTS ARE OBSERVED.

It is sheer folly for people to say that it doesn't matter how a man dresses. They tell you that a woman's clothes are observed and admired by all beholders, but that a man's are never noticed, provided he has nothing out of the way upon him.

I admit that the girls have the pull or the disadvantage of having their clothes minutely criticised, by members of their own sex at least; but to a less, but still large, extent, man shares the same fate.

On the cuffs of one lounge suit I have buttons of a rather unusual kind; they are only horn buttons, but their shade is unusual. One day I observed that one of these buttons had got lost, possibly owing to careless sewing. I didn't worry about it. I knew that it would be impossible for me to get another button to match in London, and I did not think it worth while bothering the Paris tailor who made the suit for me.

The very first time I wore that suit after the loss of the button, a friend said, "Excuse me, but one of the buttons of your cuff has come undone."

The same remark was expressed to me, in substance at least, four times before the day was out, and that evening I wrote to Paris for a button to match the others.

You would think that nobody would notice the buttons on a man's cuff, but they do. Merits, in dress as in other things, often pass unobserved, but defects are spotted at once.

RIDING BREECHES.

I have before me a letter from a Leeds reader, who says he is too hard-up to dress as he would like to do.

"I manage to turn myself out fairly well for the office," he says. "I run three lounge suits—none of them in their first youth, but all presentable—and I am always neat, if not actually fashionable.

"But what beats me is sporting togs. I absolutely can't afford them. I'd like to have a suit for cycling and another for walking and so forth, but the dibs won't run to it."

The idea of a suit for cycling and walking, my friend, is played out. You mean, I suppose, a suit in which the knickerbockers are of the same cloth as the jacket, and possibly the same as the cap, where everything is of a piece, so to speak.

Such a suit was the thing a couple of years ago, but it is a dead letter now.

All a man wants for such sports as cycling, walking, golfing and so forth, in addition to his ordinary wardrobe, is a pair of riding breeches. They are *the* garments for the nether limbs of the sportsman, and they have the merit of being correct with any ordinary lounge jacket and vest.

Knickerbockers mean bags that are the same width all the way down and are fixed just below the knee. They are hideous and, I am glad to say, quite out of date. No dressy man wears knickerbockers nowadays. He wears breeches, of Bedford cord or similar material—or, if his funds won't run to that, of ordinary tweed, but always the proper riding style, full at the hips and close-fitting from just over the knee to the calf.

Breeches look equally well whether worn with stockings or leggings, and I hope to see the day when they will oust trousers not only for sporting, but also for ordinary wear.

FRAYED BUTTONHOLES.

Nothing makes a garment look so shabby as a frayed buttonhole; yet such a defect is to be found on jackets and overcoats that are in all other respects exactly as they ought to be.

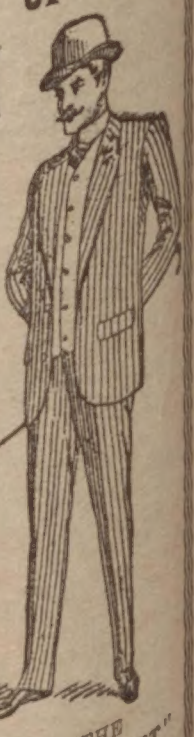
I have seen frayed buttonholes on coats that have just arrived from the tailor, but the observer doesn't pause to wonder whether the fraying is due to bad workmanship or to wear-and-tear. He simply brands the garment as shabby, and there is an end of it.

Insist on all buttonholes being worked on both sides. Do it, as I say, in the case of all buttonholes, but pay especial attention to those on the roll of your jacket and also to the one on the lapel of your overcoat.

These are liable to be seen on either side by an observant public, and they should therefore be presentable at all points.

Besides, the double working of the buttonholes makes them actually stronger, and, apart altogether from appearances, you have the advantage of enhanced utility.

The Importance of Being Well Dressed



cannot be overestimated. Mr. Ellis, who fitted the King, personally cuts every garment. He was for ten years Principal Cutter to the most exclusive Tailoring Firm, numbering Royalty amongst its clientèle. His firm takes all risk and guarantees customers in ANY PART OF THE WORLD. A Register is kept of Customers' Patterns.

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS OR CALL.

LOUNGE SUITS From 45/-

AND

DRESS SUITS 63/-

J. & H. ELLIS, THE "SMART-SET" TAILORS, 201, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

And 20, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Printed by HAYMAN, CHRISTY, AND LILLY, LTD., 113-117, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, W.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d. to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

We have received so many requests from readers as to our devoting a certain portion of our advertising space to their immediate requirements, that we have decided to set apart this page in future for readers' announcements.

The sacrifice we are making in thus reducing our ordinary trade advertising is considerable, and we trust that our readers will appreciate this and take full advantage of the opportunity we afford them.

We shall print our readers' announcements under the following headings, both offered and wanted:

DRESS,
SPORTING APPLIANCES,
PHYSICAL CULTURE APPLIANCES,
DOGS,
HOBBIES,
BOOKS,
"DIGS,"
MISCELLANEOUS.

Under the "Digs" section we hope to have the announcements of both town and country readers who are willing to receive as guests other readers living in a different part of the country. In this way both parties will enjoy an excellent and inexpensive holiday. The need for some such arrangement has been borne in upon us by the many letters we have had on this point. This section will also be open to farmers and others who are prepared to receive other readers simply as paying guests for week-ends or longer periods, without having an exchange visit in view.

Under the "Miscellaneous" heading we shall include those announcements which do not come strictly under any of the others.

THE COST WILL BE

the very moderate one of one penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement. The reader's name and address will be charged for at the same rate, whether it is printed or not.

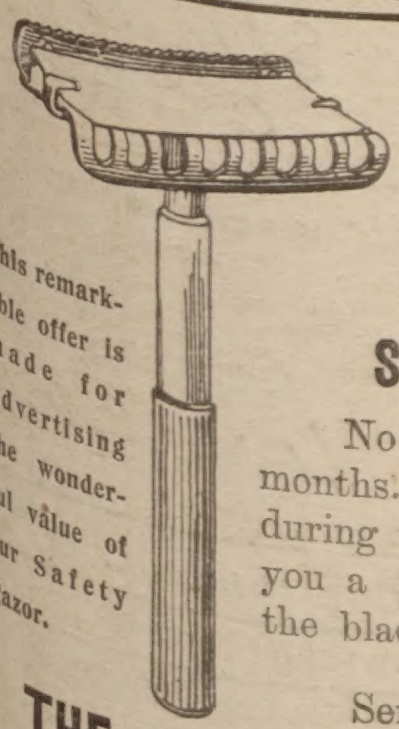
Box numbers may be used by those who do not wish their addresses to appear.

If you want to sell or buy something, think what it is, draft out a brief announcement concerning it, enclose a postal order to cover the cost at a penny a word, and post your letter to

THE SALES EDITOR,
"THE MODERN MAN,"
Thanet House,
Strand, LONDON.

Owing to our being compelled to go to press considerably in advance of the date of publication, the first batch of announcements cannot appear before this day fortnight, but to secure space in that number it is necessary for us to have your announcement not later than Thursday morning, March 18th.

A THOROUGHLY TESTED
Magnetic Steel SAFETY RAZOR



This remarkable offer is made for advertising the wonderful value of our Safety Razor.

for the exceptionally low price of 2/-

Some Advantages of Shaving Yourself with a Safety Razor.

No risk of cuts or sores. Can shave in the dark. Blade retains keenness for months. Easily stropped. Extremely portable. More economical—three shaves during the week at a barber's, averaging 3d. each, run into 39s. a year. We offer you a fully guaranteed safety razor, which will last for months without renewing the blade, for two shillings.

Send Postal Order to-day for 2s., and 3d. to cover postage, packing, etc., to

THE SAFETY RAZOR CO. (Dept. M), 48, Aden Grove, London, N.

AGENTS WANTED.

NOTE.—***If you are not thoroughly satisfied your money will be returned in full.***

AGENTS WANTED.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip. Cook M.D.

LADY POWELL ON "TATCHO."

Torr-Aluinn, Duncon, N.B.

Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho." It is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily and not perfumed as most lotions are.

Lady Powell

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Jessica Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E Perry Colonel

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

R Bacot Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

T. Wolfe Murray Commdr. R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,

TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

M. M. *Dr Geo R Sims Hair Restorer &c*